THE

KING LEAR

A

TRAGEDY

by

WILL. SHAKESPEARE

with

EXPLANATORY ANNOTATIONS

by

Küchler

Zeiz,

Printed for G. H. Heinse

M. DCC. XCIV.

THE

KING LEAR

A

TRAGEDY

By

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

By

THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
KING LEAR

Dramatis Perſonae.

LEAR, King of Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Glo'ſter.
Earl of Kent.
Edgar, Son to Glo'ſter.
Edmund, Baſtard Son to Glo'ſter.
Curan, a Courtier.
Doctor.
Fool.
Oswald, Steward to Gonerill.
A Captain, employ'd by Edmund.
Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Old Man, Tenant to Glo'ſter.
Servant to Cornwall.
1st. 2. d. } Servants to Glo'ſter.

Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, } Daughters to Lear.

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Meſſengers, Soldiers and Attendants.

SCENE lies in Britain.

BRITISH MUSEUM

KING LEAR

Act. I.

SCENE, the King's Palace.

Enter Kent, Glo'ſter, and Edmund the Baſtard.

Kent.

I thought, the King had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glo. He did always ſeem ſo to us: but now, in the Diviſion of the Kingdom, it appears not, which of the Dukes he values moſt; for qualities *) are ſo weigh'd, that curioſity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your ſon, my Lord?

Glo. His breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I have ſo often bluſh'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

*) *Qualities are ſo weigh'd, that curioſity in neither can make choice of either's moiety*, denn es iſt alles ſo ungleich unter einander vertheilt, daß keiner ſich des andern Antheil wünſchen wird.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; *) whereupon ſhe grew round — womb'd, and had indeed, Sir, a ſon for her cradle, ere ſhe had a huſband for her bed. Do you ſmell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault undone, the iſſue of it being ſo proper.

Glo. But I have a ſon, Sir, by order oflaw, ſome years elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account; though this knave came ſomewhat ſaucily to the world before he was ſent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good ſport at his making, and the whoreſon muſt be acknowledg'd. Do you know this Nobleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glo. My Lord of Kent; —

Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My ſervices to your Lordſhip.

Kent.

*) iſt alſo weggelaſſen *conceive*, und iſt hier ein Wortſpiel, weil *conceive* gleich vorher, begreifen, einſehen und hier empfangen heißt.

Kent. I must *) love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study your deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. (*Trumpets sound within.*)

The King is coming.

Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Glo'ster, (*Exit.*)

Glo. I shall, my Liege.

Lear. Mean time we shall expres our darker purpose.
Give me the Map here. Know, we have divided,
In three, our Kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent,
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl tow'rd death. Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving **) son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish

*) *must be acknowledg'd*, als ein ehrliches Kind erkannt werden.

**) scheint hier statt *lov'd* zu stehen.

Our daughters ſev'ral Dow'rs, that future ſtrife
May be prevented now. The Princes France
and Burgundy
Great rivals in our younger daughter's love,
Long in our Court have made their am'rous ſo-
journ,
And here are to be anſwer'd. Tell me daughters,
(Since now we will diveſt us, both of rule,
Int'reſt of territory, cares of state;)
Which of you, ſhall we ſay doth love us moſt?
That we our largeſt bounty may extend,
Where nature doth with merit challenge. Go-
nerill.
Our eldeſt born, ſpeak firſt.

Gon. I love you, Sir,
Dearer than eye — ſight, Space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No leſs than life, with grace, health, beauty,
honour,
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and ſpeech un-
able
Beyond all manner of ſo much I love you.

Cor. What ſhall Cordelia do? Love and be
ſilent. (*Aſide.*)

Lear. Of all theſe bounds, ev'n from this
line to this
With

With ſhadowy foreſts and with champions rich'd
With plenteous rivers and wide — ſkirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and Abany's iſſue
Be this perpetual. — What ſays our ſecond daughter.
Our deareſt Regan, wife of Cornwall? ſpeak.

Reg. I'm made of that ſelf — metal as my ſiſter,
And prize me at her worth in my true Heart *)
I find, ſhe names my very **) deed of love;
Only ſhe comes too ſhort: that I profeſs
Myſelf an enemy to all other joys,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſenſe poſſeſſes,
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highneſs' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! (*Aſide.*)
And yet not ſo, ſince, I am ſure, my love's
More pond' rous than my tongue,

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair Kingdom;

*) *And prize me at her worth, in my true heart,* Regan will hier ſagen, daß ſie in Anſehung ihrer Aufrichtigkeit und Liebe zu ihrem Vater, ihre Schweſter an Werth beikäme.

**) *my verey deed of love* die eigentliche wahre Beſchaffenheit meiner kindlichen Liebe.

No leſs in ſpace, validity, and pleaſure,
Than that conferr'd on Gonerill. — Now our joy,
Although our laſt, not leaſt; to whoſe young love,
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be intereſs'd: what ſay you, to draw
A third, more opulent than your ſiſters? ſpeak.

Cor. Nothing, my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing; ſpeak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth; I love your Majeſty
According to my bond, no more nor leſs.

Lear. How, How, Cordelia? mend' your ſpeech a little,
Leſt you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my Lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me. I
Return thoſe duties back, as are right fit;
Obey you, love you, and moſt honour you.
Why have my ſiſters huſbands, if they ſay,
They love you, all? *) haply, when I ſhall wed,
That

*) *all* heißt hier alleine.

That Lord, whoſe hand muſt take my plight, ſhall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure, I ſhall never marry like my ſiſters,
To love my father all. —

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good Lord.

Lear. So young, and ſo unteuder?

Cor. So young, my Lord, aud true.

Lear. Let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dower:
For by the ſacred radiance of the ſun,
The myſteries of Hecate, aud the night,
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exiſt, aud ceaſe to be;
Here I diſclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart aud me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous Scythian,
Or he, that makes his generation meſſes
To gorge his appetite, ſhall to my boſom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my ſometime daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege —

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her most and thought to set my rest
On her kind nurs'ry. Hence, avoid my sight! —
(*To Cor.*)
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her; Call France; who stirs?
Call Burgundy. — — Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers *) digest the third,
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my Power,
Preeminence, and all the large effects
That troop with Majesty. Ourself by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns: only retain
The name and all th' addition to a King:
The sway, revenue, execution,
Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm
This Coronet part between you. (*Giving the Crown.*)

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my King,
Lov'd

*) *digest* heißt hier theilen.

Lov'd as my father, as my maſter follow'd,
And as my patron thought on in my pray'rs —

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make *) from the ſhaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart; be Kent unmannerly,
When pow'r to flatt'ry bows? to plainneſs Honour
Is bound, when Majeſty to folly falls.
Reſerve thy State; with better judgment check
This hideous raſhneſs: with my life I anſwer
Thy youngeſt daughter does not love thee leaſt;
Nor are thoſe empty — hearted, whoſe low ſound
Reverbs no hollowneſs.

Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage againſt thy foes; nor fear to loſe it,
Thy ſafety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my ſight!

Kent. See better, Lear, and let me ſtill remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now by Apollo —

Kent.

*) *make from the ſhaft*, geht dem Pfeil aus dem Wege.

Kent. Now by Apollo, King,
Thou ſwear'ſt thy gods invain.

Lear. O vaſſal! miſcreant! —
(*Laying his hand on his ſword.*)

Alb. and Corn. Dear Sir, forbear.

Kent. Kill thy phyſician, and thy fee beſtow
Upon the foul diſeaſe; revoke thy doom,
Or whilſt I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou doſt evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
Since thou haſt ſought to make us break our vow,
Which we durſt never yet; and with ſtrain'd pride,
To come betwixt our ſentence and our power;
(*Which nor our nature*, *) *nor our place, can bear;*)
Our potency **) made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for proviſion,
To ſhield thee from diſaſtres of the world;
And, on the ſixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom; if, the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: away! By Jupiter,
This ſhall not be revok'd.

Kent.

*) *nature*, d. hier Karakter.

**) *Our potency made good*, will ich nach Gebrauch von meiner Gewalt machen.

Kent. Fare thee well, King; ſith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, aud banishment is here;
The gods to their dear ſhelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly ſaid;
And your large ſpeeches may your deeds approve, *)
That good effects may ſpring from words of love:
Thus Kent, O Princes, bids you all adieu,
He'll ſhape his old courſe in a country new.
(*Exit.*)

Enter Glo'ſter, with France and Burgundy, and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of Burgundy,
We firſt addreſs tow'rd you, who with this King
Have rivall'd for our daughter; what at least **)
Will you require in preſent dower with her,
Or ceaſe your queſt of love?

Bur. Moſt royal Majeſty,
I crave no more than what your Highneſs offer'd,
Nor will you render leſs.

Lear. Right, noble Burgundy,
When ſhe was dear to us, we held her ſo;
But

*) *your deeds approve*, durch eure Thaten beweiſen.
**) *what at least*, ſaget uns das wenigſte ꝛc. ꝛc.

But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands,
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I Know no answer.

Lear. Will you with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new — adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon, royal Sire
Election makes not up on such conditions *)

Lear. Then leave her, Sir; for by the pow'r that made me,
I tell you all her wealth — For you, great King
(*To France.*)
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you,
T'avert your liking a more worthy way
Than on a wretch, whom nature is asham'd
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

Fran.

*) *Election makes not up on such conditions*, bey solchen Bedingungen ist an keine Wahl zu denken.

France. This is most ſtrange!
That ſhe, who ev'n but now was your beſt object,
Your Praiſe's argument, balm of your age,
Deareſt and beſt, ſhould in this trice of time *)
Commit a thing ſo monſtrous, to diſmantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of ſuch unnatural degree,
That monſters it; or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reaſon without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beſeech your Majeſty,
(If, for I want that glib and oily art **)
To ſpeak and purpoſe not; ſince what I well intend,
I' ll do't before I ſpeak) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulneſs,
No

*) *in this trice of time*, in ſo kurzer Zeit.

**) *If, For I want that etc.* ſcheint hier etwas weggelaſſen zu ſein, und muß heiſſen, wenn ihr mich keines andern Verbrechens beſchuldigen könnt, als daß ich jene glatte und ſchlüpfrige Kunſt, etwas zu ſagen, was ich nicht denke, nicht beſitze.

No unchaſte action, or diſhonour'd ſtep,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But ev'n for want of that, for which I'm richer,
A ſtill ſolliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue,
That I am glad I've not; though, not to have it
Hath loſt me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadſt not been born, than not have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardineſs in nature,
Which often leaves the hiſtory unſpoke,
That it intends to do? my Lord of Burgundy,
What ſay you to the lady? love's not love,
When it is mingled with regards, that ſtand *)
Aloof from th' intire point. Say, will you have her?
She is herſelf a dowry.

Bur. Royal King.
Give but that portion which yourſelf propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Dutcheſs of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: — I've ſworn.

Bur.

*) *That ſtand aloof from the intire point* die nicht den wahren innern Werth zum Hauptgegenſtand haben.

Bur. I' m ſorry then; you have ſo loſt a father,
That you must loſe a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy,
Since that reſpects of fortune are his love,
I ſhall not be his wife.

France. Faireſt Cordelia, that art moſt rich, being poor,
Most choice, *) forſaken; and moſt lov'd, deſpis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I ſeize upon:
Be't lawful, I take up what's caſt away.
Gods, Gods! 'tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect
My love ſhould kindle to enflam'd reſpect.
Thy dow'rleſs daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the Dukes of wat'riſh Burgundy
Can buy this unpriz'd, precious maid of me.
Bid them farewel, Cordelia, tho' unkind;
Thou loſeſt here, a better where to find. **)

*) *Moſt choice*, deſto wahlenswürdiger.

**) *Thou loſeſt here, a better where to find*, iſt hier weggelaſſen *place*.

Lear. Thou haſt her, France; let her be thine, for we
Have no ſuch daughter; nor ſhall ever ſee
That face of hers again; therefore be gone.
Without our grace, our love, our benizon:
Come, noble Burgundy.

(*Flouriſh.* (*Exeunt Lear and Burgundy.*

France. Bid Farewel to your ſiſters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with waſh'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know what you are,
And, like a ſiſter, am most loth to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Love well our father:
To your profeſſing boſoms *) I commit him;
But yet, alas! ſtood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place,
So farewel to you both.

Reg. Preſcribe not us our duty.

Gon. Let your Study
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms; you have obedience ſcanted,
And

*) *Your profeſſing boſoms*, eurer Zärtlichkeit und Liebe womit ihr ſo ſehr prahlt.

And well are worth the want that you have wanted *)

Cor. Time ſhall unfold what plaited cunning hides.
Who covers faults, at laſt with ſhame derides. **)
Well may you proſper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

(*Exeunt France and Cor.*)

Gon. Sister, it is not little I've to ſay,
Of what moſt nearly appertains to us both;
I think our father will go hence to night.

Reg. That's certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is, the obſervation we have made of it hath not been little; he always lov'd our ſiſter moſt, and with what poor judgment he hath now caſt her off, appears too groſsly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but ſlenderly known himſelf.

*) *And well are worth the want that you have wanted*, Du verdienſt von deinen Gemal den Mangel an Liebe, welchen du gegen deinen Vater bewieſen haſt.

**) *Derides* wird verſpottet.

Gon. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath been but raſh; then must we look, from his age, to receive not alone the imperfections of long — engrafted condition *) but there withal the unruly waywardneſs, that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconſtant ſtarts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave — taking King between France and him; pray you, let us hit together: if our father carry authority with ſuch diſpoſition as he bears, this laſt ſurrender of his **) will but offend us.

Reg. We ſhall further think of it.

Gon. We muſt do ſomething, and i'th' heat.

(*Exeunt.*)

*) *Condition*, Gewohnheit.

**) *this laſt ſurrender of his*, dieſe ſeine letzte Entſagung.

SCENE changes to a Caſtle belonging to the Carl of Glo'ſter.

Enter EDMUND, with a Letter.

Edm. Thou, Nature, art my Goddeſs; to thy law
My ſervices are bound; wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the plague of cuſtom, *) and permit
The curteſiy **) of nations to deprive me,
For that I am ſome twelfe or fourteen moon ſhines
Lag of a brother? why baſtard? wherefore baſe?
When my dimenſions are as well compact,
My mind as gen' rous, and my ſhape as true,
As honeſt Madam's iſſue? why brand they us
With baſe? with baſeneſs? baſtardy? baſe, baſe?
Who, in the luſty ſtealth of nature, take

*) *Stand in the plague of cuſtom*, mich von der Plage der Gewohnheit, (nehmlich der Verachtung, die unehliche Kinder trift) unterdrücken laſſen.

**) *Curteſy* Pope lieſt *nicety* der Eigenſinn des Völkerrechts.

More composition and fierce quality;
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween a — sleep and wake? well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land;
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to th' legitimate; fine word — legitimate —
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall be th' legitimate. — I grow, I prosper;
Now, Gods, stand up for bastards.

To him, Enter Glo'ster.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!
And the King gone to — night! subscrib'd his pow'r!
Confin'd to exhibition! *) all is gone
Upon the gad! — Edmund, how now? what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none
(Putting up the letter.)

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my Lord.

Glo.

*) *All is gone upon the gad*, alles ist sehr geschwind und eilfertig zu gegangen.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my Lord.

Glo. No! what needed then that terrible diſpatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not ſuch need to hide itſelf. Let's ſee; come, if it be nothing, I ſhall not need ſpectacles.

Edm. I beſeech you, Sir, pardon me, it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er read; and for ſo much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your overlooking.

Glo. Give me the letter, Sir.

Edm. I ſhall offend, either to detain, or give it, the contents, as in part I underſtand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's ſee, let's ſee.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's juſtification, he wrote this but as an eſſay, or taſte of my virtue.

Glo. reads) *This policy and reverence of ages makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldneſs cannot reliſh them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny: which ſways, not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffered. Come to me, that of this I may ſpeak more. If our father would*

ſleep, till I wak'd him, you ſhould enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother Edgar — Hum — Conſpiracy! — ſleep, till I wake him — you ſhould enjoy half his revenue — My ſon Edgar! had he a hand to write this! a heart and brain to breed it in! when came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me my Lord, there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the caſement of my cloſet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my Lord, I durſt ſwear it were his; but in reſpect of that, I would fain think, it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my Lord, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has he never before ſounded you in this buſineſs?

Edm. Never, my Lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that ſons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father ſhould be as a ward to the ſon, and the ſon manage his revenue.

Glo.

Glo. O villain, villain! his very opinion in the letter. Abhorred villain! unnatural, deteſted, brutiſh villain! worſe than brutiſh! Go, ſirrah, ſeek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my Lord; if it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother, 'till you can derive from him better teſtimony of his intent you ſhould run a certain courſe; where, if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and ſhake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he has writ this to feel my affection to your Honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you ſo?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you ſhall hear us confer of this, aud by an auricular aſſurance have your ſatisfaction: and that, without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be ſuch a monſter.

Edm. Nor is not, ſure.

Glo. To his father, that ſo tenderly and entirely loves him — Heav'n and Earth! Edmund,

ſeek

ſeek him out; wind me into him *) I pray you; frame the buſineſs after your own wiſdom. I would unſtate myſelf, to be in a due reſolution. **)

Edm. I will ſeek him, Sir, preſently: convey the buſineſs as I ſhall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. Theſe late eclipſes in the ſun and moon portend no good to us; tho' the wiſdom of nature ***) can reaſon it thus and thus, yet nature finds itſelf ſcurged by the ſequent effects. Love cvols, friendſhip falls off, brothers divide. In cities, mutinies; in countries, diſcord; in palaces, treaſon, and the bond crack'd'twixt ſon and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction, there's ſon againſt father, the King falls from biaſs of nature, there's father againſt child. We have ſeen the beſt of our time. Machinations, hollowneſs, treachery, and all ruinous diſorders follow us diſquietly to our

*) *wind me into him*, ſuche ihn auszuforſchen.

**) *I would unstate myſelf, to be in due reſolution*, ich will der natürlichen Würde und Gewalt entſagen, um einen richtigen Entſchlus faſſen zu können.

***) *the wisdom of nature* die Naturkunde.

our graves! find out this villain, Edmund; it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully — and the noble and true — hearted Kent banish'd! his offence, honeſty. 'Tis ſtrange (*Exit.*)

Manet Edmund.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when whe are sick in fortune (often the ſurfeits of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our diſaſters, the ſun, the moon and ſtars; as if we were villains on neceſſity: fools by heavenly compulſion; knaves, thieves, and treacherous, by ſpherical predominance; drunkards lyars, and adulterers, by an inforc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thruſting on. An admirable evaſion of whore — master Man, to lay his goatish diſpoſition on the charge of a ſtar! my father *) compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under Urſa major; ſo that it follows I am rough and lecherous. I ſhould have been what I am, had the maidenlieſt ſtar in the firmament twinkled on my baſtardizing.

To him, Enter Edgar.

Pat! — he comes, like the cataſtrophe of the old comedy; my cue is villainous melancholy, with

*) *compounded* heißt hier vermiſchte ſich fleiſchlich.

with a ſigh like Tom o' Bedlam — O, theſe eclipſes portend theſe diviſions! fa, fol, la, me. —

Edg. How now, brother Edmund, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe eclipſes.

Edg. Do you buſy yourſelf with that?

Edm. I promiſe you, the effects, he writes of, ſucceed unhappily. When ſaw you my father laſt?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms, found you no diſpleaſure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourſelf, wherein you have offeuded him: and, at my intreaty, forbear his preſence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his diſpleaſure; which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſchief of your perſon it would ſcarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm.

Edm. That's my fear, I pray you, have a continent forbearance 'till the ſpeed of his rage goes ſlower: and as I ſay, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my Lord ſpeak: pray you, go, there's my key: if you do ſtir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Edm. Brother, I adviſe you to the beſt: I am no honeſt man, if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have ſeen and heard, but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon? (*Exit.*)

Edm. I do ſerve you in this buſineſs:
A credulous father, and a brother noble
Whoſe nature is ſo far from doing harms,
That he ſuſpects none: on *) whoſe fooliſh honeſty
My practices ride eaſy: I ſee the buſineſs.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit;
All with met's meet, that I can faſhion fit (*Exit.*)

*) *On whoſe foolish honesty my practices ride easy*, mit deſſen närriſcher Ehrlichkeit ich machen kann was ich will.

SCENE, the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter GONERILL and STEWARD.

Gon. Did my father ſtrike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me: every hour
He flaſhes into one groſs crime or other,
That ſets us all at odds; I'll not endure it:
His Knights grow riotous, and himſelf upbraids us
On ev'ry trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not ſpeak with him; ſay, I am ſick.
If you come ſlack of former ſervices *)
You ſhall do well; the fault of it I'll anſwer.

Stew. He's coming, Madam, I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you pleaſe
You and your fellows: I'd have it come **) to queſtion
If

*) *If you come ſlack of former ſervices* wenn ihr nicht mehr pünktlich in euren Dienſte ſein werdet.

**) *come to queſtion* zur Sprache komme.

If he diſtaſte it, let him to my ſiſter,
Whoſe mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over — rul'd; Idle old man,
That ſtill would manage thoſe authorities,
That he hath giv'n away! — Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and muſt be us'd
With checks, like flatt'rers when they're ſeen
t'abuſe us.
Remember, what I have ſaid.

Stew. Very well, Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder looks among you: what grows of it, no matter; adviſe your fellows ſo; I'll write ſtrait to my ſiſter to hold my courſe: prepare for dinner. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE changes to an open Place before the Palace.

Enter KENT diſguis'd.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
And can my ſpeech diſuſe, my good intent
May carry thro' itſelf to that full iſſue
For which I razed my likineſs. Now baniſh'd
Kent,

If thou can'ſt ſerve where thou doſt ſtaud condemn'd,
So may it come, thy maſter, whom thou lov'ſt,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not ſtay a jot for dinner, go, get it ready: How now, what art thou?
(*To Kent.*)

Kent. A man, Sir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſſ? what wouldſt thou with us?

Kent. I do profeſs to be no leſs than I ſeem; to ſerve him truly, that will put me in truſt; to love him that is honeſt; to converſe with him that is wiſe aud ſays little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot chuſe, and to *) eat no fiſh.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt — hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou be'ſt as poor for a ſubject, as he

*) *to eat no fiſh*, es war damals ein Sprichwort *he is an honest man and eats no fiſh* d. h. er iſt kein Papiſte, weil dieſelben damals als Feinde der Regierung angeſehen wurden.

he is for a King, thou art poor enough. What wouldſt thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom wouldſt thou ſerve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Doſt thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call maſter.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What ſervices canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keep honeſt counſels, ride, run, marr a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain meſſage bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in: and the beſt of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young, Sir, to love a woman for ſinging; nor ſo old, to doat on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty — eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou ſhalt ſerve me, if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner — where's my knave? my fool? go you, and call my fool hither. You, ſirrah, where's my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Stew. So pleaſe you — (*Exit.*)

Lear. What ſays the fellow there? call the clot pole back: where's my fool, ho? — I think, the world's aſleep: how now? where's? that mongrel?

Knight. He ſays, my Lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlave back to me when I call'd him!

Knight. Sir, he anſwer'd me in the roundeſt manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My Lord, I Know not what the matter is; but, to my Iudgment, your Highneſs is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindneſs appears as well in the general dependants, as in the Duke himſelf alſo, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo?

Knight. I beſeech you, pardon me, my Lord, if I be miſtaken; for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I think your Highneſs is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'ſt me of my own conception. I have perceiv'd a moſt faint *) ne-

*) *faint* heißt hier kaltſinnig.

neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as my own jealous curiosity, thou as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness; I will look further into't; but where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, Sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well; go you and tell my daughter, I would speak with her. Go you, call hither my fool. O, you, Sir come you hither, Sir; who am I, Sir?

Enter Steward.

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father? my Lord's knave! — you whorson dog, you slave, you cur.

Stew. I am none of these, my Lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

(*Striking him.*)

Stew. I'll not be struck, my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript *) neither, you base foot-ball player.

(*Tripping up his heels.*)

*) *tript* steht hier statt *tript up*, oder *tript up thy heels* und die ein Bein schlagen oder dich niederwerfen.

Lear. I thank thee, fellow. Thou ſerv'ſt me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, Sir, ariſe, away; I'll teach you differences: away, away; if you will meaſure your lubber's length again, tarry again; but away, go to: have you wiſdom? ſo. —

(*Puſhes the Steward out.*)

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee; there's earneſt of thy ſervice.

To them, Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too, here's my coxcomb.

(*Giving his cap.*)

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how do'ſt thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were beſt take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, my boy?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part, that is out of favour; nay, an thou can'ſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou'lt catch cold ſhortly. There, take my coxcomb; why, this fellow has baniſh'd two of his daughters, and did the third a bleſſing againſt his will; if thou follow him, thou muſt needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle?

cle? *) would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I give them all my living, I'll keep my coxcomb my ſelf; there's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, Sirrah, the whip. —

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipt out, when the lady brach may ſtand by th' fire and ſtink.

Lear. A peſtilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a ſpeech.

(*To Kent.*)

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle;

Have more than thou ſhoweſt,
Speak leſs than thou knoweſt,
Lend leſs than thou oweſt,
Ride more than thou goeſt,
Learn more than thou troweſt,
Set leſs than thou throwest,
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep within door,
And **) thou ſhalt have more

*) *nuncle*, Gevatter.

**) *thou ſhalt have more, than two tens to a ſcore*, ſo wirſt Du dich in guten Umſtänden befinden.

Than two tens to a ſcore.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer, you gave me nothing for't; can you make no uſe of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, ſo much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool. (*To Kent.*)

Lear. A bitter fool! —

Fool. Doſt thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool aud a ſweet one?

Lear. No lad, teach me.

Fool. That Lord, that counſel'd thee to give away thy land,
Come, place him here by me! do thou for him ſtand;
The ſweet and bitter fool will preſently appear,
The one, in motley here; the other, found out there.

Lear. Doſt thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou haſt given away, that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my Lord.

Fool.

Fool. No, faith; Lords, and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly on't, they would have part on't: nay, the Ladies too, they'll not let me have all fool to myſelf, they'll be ſnatching.

Give me an egg nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two *) crowns ſhall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' th' middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg; when thou cloveſt thy crown i' th' middle and gav'ſt away both parts, thou bor'ſt thine aſs on thy back o'er the dirt; **) thou hadſt little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'ſt thy golden one away: if I ſpeak like myſelf in this, let him be whipt that firſt finds it ſo.

(*Singing.*)

Fools ne'er had leſs grace in a year,
For wiſe men are grown foppiſh;

*) *two crowns* dieſe und die folgende Stelle muß man durch die doppelte Bedeutung des Worts *crowns*, Krone und Eierſchalen erklären.

**) *the dirt*, dieſe Stelle bezieht ſich auf die Fabel mit dem Bauer, der es niemanden recht machen konnte, und ſeinen Eſel, der ihn tragen ſollte, ſelbſt trug.

And know not how their wits to wear
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Lear. When were you wont to be ſo full of ſongs, ſirrah?

Fool. I have uſed it, nuncle, e'er ſince thou mad'ſt thy daughters thy mothers, for when thou gav'ſt them the rod, and put'ſt down thy own breeches,

(*Singing.*)

Then they for ſudden joy did weep,
And I for ſorrow ſung;
That ſuch a King ſhould play bo — peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a ſchool — maſter that can teach thy fool to lye; I would fain learn to lye.

Lear. If you lye, ſirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for ſpeaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying; and, ſometimes, I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, nuncle, thou haſt pared thy wit o'both ſides, and left nothing i' th' middle: here comes one o'th' parings.

To them, Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now, daughter, what makes that frontlet *) on? you are too much of late i' th' frown.

Fool. Thou waſt a pretty fellow, when thou hadſt no need to care for her frowning; now thon art an O without a figure; I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. — Yes, forſooth, I will hold my tongue; (*To Generill.*) ſo your face bids me, tho' you ſay nothing.

(*Singing*)

Mum, mum, he that keeps nor cruſt nor crum,
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome.
That's a ſheal'd peaſcod.

Gon. Not only, Sir, this your all — licens'd fool,
But other of your inſolent retinue,
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not to be endured riots.
I thought, by making this well known unto you,
T' have found a ſafe redreſs; but now grow a fearful,
By what yourſelf too late have ſpoke and done,
That

*) *front let*, ein Stirnband, hier aber die Stirne.

That you protect this courſe, and put it on *)
By your allowance; if you ſhould, the fault
Would not' ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſes ſleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholeſome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence
(Which elſe were ſhame;) that then neceſſity
Will call diſcreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle,
The hedge — Sparrow fed the Cuckoo ſo long,
That it had its head bit of by its young;
So out went the candle, aud we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would, you would make uſe of your good wisdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught, aud put away
Theſe diſpoſitions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an asſ know when the cart
Draws the horſe? whoop, **) Iug, I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? this is not Lear:

Does

*) *put it on*, beſtärket es.

**) *whoop* Heida! und dieſe fünf letzten Worte ſind nach Steevens Meinung der Referain eines alten Liedes.

Does Lear walk thus? ſpeak thus; where are
his eyes;
Either his notion weakens, his diſcernings
Are lethargy'd — Ha! waking — 'tis not ſo
Who is it that can tell me who I am?
Lear's ſhadow? I would learn; for by the marks,
Of ſovereignty, of knowledge, and of reaſon,
I ſhould be falſe perſuaded I had daughters.
Your name, fair gentlewoman? —

Gon. This admiration, Sir, is much o'th' fa-
vour
Of other your new pranks. I do beſeech you,
To underſtand my purpoſes aright.
You, as you're old and reverend, ſhould be wiſe.
Here do you keep a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men ſo diſorder'd, ſo debauch'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous inn; Epicuriſm and luſt
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. Shame itſelf doth ſpeak
For inſtant remedy. Be then deſir'd
By her, that elſe will take the thing ſhe begs,
Of fifty to diſquantity your train;
And the remainders, that ſhall ſtill depend,
To be ſuch men as may beſort your age,
And know themſelves and you.

Lear. Darkneſs and devils!
Saddle my horſes, call my train together. —

Degen'

Degen' rate baſtard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You ſtrike my people, and your diſor-
der'd rabble,
Make ſervants of their betters.

To them, Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe! that too late repents — O, Sir
are you come?
Is it your will, ſpeak, Sir? prepare my horſes. —
(*To Alb.*)
Ingratitude! thou marble — hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a child,
Than the ſea — monſter.

Alb. Pray, Sir, be patient.

Lear. Deteſted kite! thou lieſt. (*To Generill.*)
My train are men of choice and rareſt parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the moſt exact regard ſupport
The worſhips of their names. O most ſmall fault!
How ugly didſt thou in Cordelia ſhew?
Which, like an engine, wrencht my frame of
nature
From the fixt place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in.
(*Striking his head.*)
And

And thy dear judgment out. — Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord. I'm guiltleſs, as I'm ignorant,
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be ſo, my Lord —
Hear, Nature, hear; dear Goddeſs, hear a father!
Suſpend thy purpoſe, if thou didſt intend
To make this creature fruitful:
Into her womb convey ſterility,
Dry up in her the organs of increaſe,
And from her derogate body never ſpring
A babe to honour her! If ſhe must teem,
Create her child of ſpleen, that it may live,
And be a thwart *) diſnatur'd torment to her;
Let it ſtamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With candent **) tears fret channels in her cheeks
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that ſhe may feel,
How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankleſs child. — Go, go, my people.

Alb. Now, Gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourſelf to know of it:
But

*) *be a thwart diſnatur'd torment to her*, ſie auf eine verkehrte unnatürliche Art zu peinigen.

**) *candent* andere leſen *cadent* herabfallend.

But let his disposition have that scope,
That dotage gives it.

Lear. (returning) What, fifty *) of my followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight? —

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee — life and death! I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my mankood thus;
(*To Gon.*)
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce
Should make thee worth them — blasts and fogs upon thee!
Th' untented **) woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so: I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flea thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That

*) *fifty of --- clap* hier ist weggelassen *discharged*, oder *chased away*.

**) *untended* heißt hier unheilbar.

That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever. (*Exeunt Lear and Attendants.*)

Gon. Do you mark that!

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Gonerill,
Tho' the great love I bear you. —

Gon. Pray you, be content. What, Oswald, ho!
You, Sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, take the fool with thee:
A Fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter:
So thee fool follows after. (*Exit.*)

Gon. This man hath had good counsel, — a hundred Knights!
'Tis politick, and safe, to let him keep
A hundred Knights; yes, that on ev'ry dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their pow'rs,
And hold our lives at mercy: Oswald, I say.

Alb. Well, you may fear too far; —

Gon. Safer than trust too far;

Let me ſtill take away the harms I fear,
Not fear ſtill to be harm'd. I know his heart;
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my ſiſter;
If ſhe'll ſuſtain him and his hundred Knights,
When I have ſhew'd th' unfitneſs —

Enter Steward.

How now, Oswald?
What, have you writ that letter to my ſiſter?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. Take you ſome company, and away to horſe;
Inform her full of my particular fears,
And thereto add ſuch reaſons of your own,
As may compact it more. So, get you gone,
And haſten your return, (*Exit Steward.*)
— No, no, my Lord
This milky gentleneſs and courſe of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more at task *) for want of wiſdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildneſs.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then —

Alb. Well, well th' event. (*Exeunt.*)

*) — — *at task* ihr werdet mehr getadelt.

SCE-

SCENE, a Court — Yard, belonging to the Duke of Albany's Palace

Re-enter LEAR, KENT, Gentleman and FOOL.

Lear. Go you before to Glo'ſter with theſe letters; acquaint my daughter no farther with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter; if your diligence be not ſpeedy, I ſhall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not ſleep, my Lord, 'till I have delivered your letter. (*Exit.*)

Fool. If a man's brain were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry, thy wit ſhall not go ſlip — ſhod

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt ſee, thy other daughter will uſe thee kindly; for tho' ſhe's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can'ſt tell, boy?

Fool. She will taſte as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Can'ſt thou tell, why one's noſe ſtands i' th' middle of one's face.

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either ſide one's noſe, that what a man cannot ſmell out, he may ſpy into.

Lear. I did her wrong *) —

Fool. Can'st tell how an oyster makes his ſhell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell, why a ſnail has a houſe.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughter's, and leave his horns without a caſe.

Lear. I will forget my nature: so kind a father! be my horſes ready?

Fool. Thy aſſes are gone about'em, the reaſon, why the ſeven ſtars are no more than ſeven, is a pretty reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight,

Fool. Yes, indeed; thou wouldſt make a good fool.

Lear.

*) *I did her wrong.* Lear ſcheint hier ſeine Tochter Kordelia zu meinen.

Lear. To tak't again perforce! — monſter ingratitude!

Fool. If you were my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou ſhouldſt not have been old, 'till thou hadſt been wiſe.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad ſweet heav'n!
Keep me in temper, I would not be mad.

Enter Gentleman.

How now, are the horſes ready?

Gent. Ready, my Lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure
Shall not be a maid long, unleſs things be cut ſhorter.

(*Exeunt.*)

Act II.

SCENE, A Caſtle belonging to the Earl of Glo'ſter.

Enter Edmund and Curan, ſeverally.

Edmund.

SAVE thee, Curan.

Cur. And gou, Sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall, ant Regan his Dutcheſs, will be here with him this night,

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not; you have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whiſper'd ones; for they are yet but ear — kiſſing arguments. *)

Edm. Not I; pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Cur. You may do then in time, Fare you well Sir. (*Exit.*)

*) *ear Kiſſing arguments* Gebeimniſſe.

Edm.

Edm. The Duke be here to — night! the
better! beſt!
This waves itſelf perforce into my buſineſs;
My father hath ſet guard to take my brother,
And I have one thing of a queezy question
Which I must act; briefneſs, and fortune work!
Brother, a word; deſcend; brother, I ſay; —
To him, Enter Edgar.
My father watches; O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is giv'n where you are hid;
You've now the good advantage of the night —
Have you not ſpoken 'gainst the Duke of
Cornwall.
He's coming hither, now i'th' haſte,
And Regan with him; have you nothing ſaid
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Adviſe yourſelf.

Edg. I'm ſure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming. Pardon
me —
In cunning *) must draw my ſword upon you —
Draw, ſeem to defend yourſelf.
Now quit you well. **)

---

*) *In cunning*, zum Schein.

**) *quit you well*, mach deine Sache gut.

Yield

Yield — come before my father — light hoa!
here! —
Fly, brother — Torches! — ſo farewel —
(*Exit. Edg.*)
Some blood, drawn on me, would beget opi-
nion (*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour I've ſeen drun-
kards
Do more than this in ſport. Father! Father!
Stop, Stop, no help? —
To him Glo'ſter, and ſervants with torches.
Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?
Edm. Here ſtood he in the dark, his ſharp
ſword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conj'ring the
moon
To ſtand's auſpicious miſtreſs.
Glo. But where is he?
Edm. Look, Sir I bleed.
Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?
Edm. Fled this way, Sir, when by no
means he could —
Glo. Purſue him, ho! go after. By no me-
ans, what? —
Edm. Perſuade me to the murder of your
Lordſhip;
But that, I told him, the revenging Gods
'Gainſt parricides did all the thunder bend,

Spoke with how manifold and ſtrong a bond
The child wns bound to th' father. — Sir.
in fine,
Seeing haw lothly oppoſite I ſtood
To his unnat'ral purpoſe, in fell motion
With his prepared ſword he charges home
My un provided body lanc'd my arm;
And when he ſaw my beſt alarmed ſpirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right rous'd to th' encounter,
Or wether gaſted by the noiſe I made,
Full ſuddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far;
Not in this land ſhall he remain uncaught
And found; diſpatch — the noble Duke my
maſter,
My worthy and arch patron, comes to — night;
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, who finds him, ſhall deſerve our
thanks,
Bringing the murd'rous coward to the ſtake:
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I diſſuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight *) to do it, with curſt
ſpeech
I thre-

*) *pight*, geneigt, entſchloſſen.

I threaten'd to discover him; he replied,
Thou unpoſſeſſing baſtard; do'ſt thou think,
If I would ſtand againſt thee, would the repoſal
Of any truſt, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? no; what I ſhould deny, —
(As this I would, although thou didſt produce
My very character *)) I'd turn it all
To thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned practice;
And thou muſt make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential ſpeurs
To make thee ſeek it. (*Trumpets within.*)

Glo. O ſtrange, faſten'd, villain!
Would he deny his letter? — I never got him. —
Hark, the Dnke's trumpets! I know not why he comes —
All ports I' ll bar; the villain ſhall not 'ſcape;
The Duke muſt grant me that: beſides, his picture
I will ſend far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him: and of my land
(Loyal and natural boy!) I'll work the means,
To make thee capable,

*) *character*, Handſchrift.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendant.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? ſince I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard ſtrange uews.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort,
Which can purſue th' offender, how does my Lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What, did my father's godſon ſeek your life?
He whom my father nam'd, your Edgar?

Glo. O lady, lady, ſhame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights,
That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.

Edm. Yes, Madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then, though *) he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death.

---

*) *thoug he were ill*, daß er ein ſo böſes Herz hatte.

To have th' expence and waſte of his revenues.
I have this preſent evening from my ſiſter
Been well inform'd of them; and with ſuch
cautions,
That if they come to ſojourn at my houſe,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, I aſſure thee, Regan;
Edmund, I hear, that you have ſhewn your
father
A child — like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd
This hurt you ſee, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he purſued?

Glo. Ay, my good Lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he ſhall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm, make your own pur-
poſe,
How in my ſtrength you pleaſe. As for you,
Edmund,
Whoſe virtue and obedience doth this inſtant
So much commend itſelf, you ſhall be ours;
Natures of ſuch deep truſt we ſhall much need:
You we firſt ſeize on.

Edm. I ſhall ſerve you, Sir,
Truly, however elſe.

Glo.

Glo. I thank your Grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you —

Reg. Thus out of season threading dark-ey'd night;
Occasions, noble Glo'ster of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice. —
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of diff'rences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home: the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which crave the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, Madam:
Your Graces are right welcome. (*Exeunt*)

Enter Kent, and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good evening to thee, friend; art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' th' mire.

Stew. Pr'y thee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

Kent.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipſbury *) pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why doſt thon uſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What doſt thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a raſcal, an eater of broken meats, a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggarly, three — ſuited, **) hundred pound, ***) filthy worſted — stocking ****) knave; a lily — liver'd, action — taking, knave, a whorſon, glaſs — gazing, ſuperſerviceable, finical rogue; one — trunk — inheriting ſlave; one that wouldst be a bawd in way of goad ſervice; and art nothing but the compoſition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander,

*) *Lipſbury*, wahrſcheinlich ein Ort, welcher gewiſſe Vorrechte und Freiheiten hatte.

**) *three — ſuited*, beſſer *third ſuited* wie einige leſen, d. h. einer der ein altes Kleid wieder zum drittenmal als neu trägt.

***) *hundred pound*, der 100 Pfund in Vermögen hat.

****) *worſted — ſtocking* der zerriſſene Strümpfe trägt.

der, aud the ſon and heir of a mungril bitch; one whom I will beat into clam' rous whining, if thou deny'ſt the leaſt ſyllable of thy addition. *)

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen — fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? is it two days ago, ſince I tript up thy heels, and beat thee before the King? draw, you rogue; for tho' it be night, yet the moon ſhines; I'll make a ſop o' th' moon-ſhine of you; you whoreſon, cullionly barber — monger, draw. (*Drawing his ſword.*)

Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you raſcal; you come with letters againſt the King; and take vanity, **) the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father; draw, you rogue, or I'll ſo carbonado your ſhanks — draw, you raſcal, come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help! —

Kent. Strike, you ſlave; ſtand rogue you neat ſlave, ſtrike. (*Beating him.*)

Stew.

---

*) *Addition*, Titel.

**) *vanity* — bezieht ſich auf die allegoriſchen Faſtnachtsſpiele in England, worinn die Leidenſchaften und Laſter perſonificirt wurden.

Stew. Help, ho! murder, murder! —

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ſter, and Servants.

Edm. How now, what's the matter? Part. —

Kent. With you, good man boy, if you plea. ſe; come, I'll fleſh ye; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons? arms? what's the matter her?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; he dies, that ſtrikes again, what's the matter?

Reg. The meſſengers from our ſiſter and the King?

Corn. What is your difference? ſpeak.

Stew. I am ſcarce in breath, my Lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have ſo beſtirr'd your valour; you cowardly raſcal! nature diſclaims all ſhare in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a ſtrange fellow; a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, Sir; a ſtone — cutter or a painter could not have made him ſo ill, tho' they had been but two hours o' th' trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, Sir, whoſe life I have ſpar'd at ſuit of his grey beard. —

Kent.

Kent. Thou whoreſon zed! thou unneceſſa-
ry letter! my Lord, if you will give me leave,
I will tread this unbalted villain into mortar,
and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare
my grey beard? you wagtail! —

Corn. Peace, Sirrah!
You beaſtly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir, but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlave as this ſhou'd wear
a ſword,
Who wears no honeſty: ſuch ſmiling rogues as
theſe
Like rats, oft bite the holy *) cords in twain
Too 'intrinſicate t' unlooſe: ſooth every paſſion,
That in the nature of their Lords rebels:
Bring oil to fire, ſnow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks **)
With ev'ry gale and vary of their maſters
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

A

*) *holy cords*, die heiligen Bande der Blutsfreundſchaft.

**) *halcyon beaks*, weil man glaubt, daß der Eisvogel ſeinen Schnabel, wenn er daran aufgehangen wird, nach dem Winde drehet.

A plague upon your epileptick visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum — plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot. *)

Corn. What art thou mad, old fellow!

Glo. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? what
is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more perchance, does mine, nor
his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stand on any shoulder that I see,
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who having been prais'd for bluntness, doth
affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains **) the garb,
Quite

*) *Camelot*, nicht weit davon sind viele morastige Gegenden, und giebt daselbst eine große Menge Gänse.

**) *constrains the garb*, sich zwingt, und sich von einer ganz andern Seite zeigen will.

Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he, —
An honest mind and plain, he must ſpeak truth;
An *) they will take it, ſo; if not, he's plain.
Theſe kind of knaves I know, which in this plainneſs
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty ſilly ducking obſervants, **)
That ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in ſincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your grand aſpect,
Whoſe influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phoebus front. —

Corn. What mean'ſt by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you diſcommend ſomuch: I know, Sir, I am no flatterer; he, that be — guiled you in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which for my part I will not be, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to intreat me to't.

Corn. What was th' offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the King his master very lately
To ſtrike at me upon his miſconſtruction:

*) *An* heißt hier wenn.

**) *Obſervants*, Höflinge.

When he conjunct, and flatt'ring his diſpleaſure,
Tript me behind; being down inſulted, rail'd,
And put *) upon him ſuch a deal of man, that
That worthied him, got praiſes of the King,
For him attempting who was ſelf ſubdu'd;
And, in the fleſhment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of theſe rogues and cowards,
But Aiax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the ſtocks.
You ſtubborn ancient knave, you rev'rend brag-
gart,
We'll teach you. —

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your ſtocks for me, I ſerve the King;
On whoſe employment I was ſent to you.
You ſhall do ſmall reſpect, ſhew too bold malice
Againſt the grace and perſon of my master,
Stocking his meſſenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the ſtocks;
As I have life and honour, there ſhall he ſit till
noon.

Reg. 'Till noon! till night, my Lord, and
all night too.

Kent,

*) *Put upon him such a deal of man*, gab ſich da-
bei das Anſehn eines groſſen Mannes.

Kent. Why, Madam, if I were your father's dog,
You could not uſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will (*Stocks brought out.*)

Corn. This is a fellow of the ſelf — ſame nature
Our ſiſter ſpeaks of. Come, bring away *) the ſtocks

Glo. Let me beſeech your Grace not to do ſo;
His fault is much, and the good King his master
Will check him for't; your purpos'd low correction
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and the meaneſt wretches
For pilf' rings, and most common treſpaſſes,
Are punish'd with. The King muſt take it ill,
That he, ſo ſlightly valued in his meſſenger,
Should have him thus reſtrain'd.

Cor. I'll answer that.

Reg. My ſiſter may receive it much more worſe,
To have her Gentleman abus'd, aſſaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs —
(*Kent is put in the ſtocks.*)

*) *bring away* heißt hier: bring her.

Come, my Lord, away

(*Exeunt Regan and Cornwall.*)

Glo. I'm ſorry for thee, friend, 'tis the Duke's pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor ſtop'd. I'll intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, Sir. I've watch'd and travell'd hard;
Some time I ſhall ſleep out, the reſt I'll whiſtle:
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels; *)
Give you good — morrow.

Glo. The Duke's to blame in this, 'twill be ill taken (*Exit.*)

Kent. Good King that muſt approve the common ſaw
Thou out **) of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm ſun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under — globe,
(*Looking up to the moon.*)
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruſe

*) *grow out at heels*, ſchlecht beſchaffen ſein, ſich in ſchlechten Umſtänden befinden.

**) *Out of heaven's benediction com'st to the warm ſun*, ein Sprichwort, das von denen geſagt wird, die aus ihrem Hauſe verjagt ſind und ſich in der freien Luft aufhalten müſſen.

Peruſe this letter. Nothing almoſt ſees miracles,
But miſery. I know, 'tis from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obſcured courſe. I *) ſhall find time
From this enormous ſtate, and ſeek to give
Loſſes their remedies. All weary and o'er watch'd
Take 'vantage, heavy eyes, nat to behold
This ſhameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; ſmile once more, turn thy
wheel. (*He ſleeps.*)

SCENE changes to a part of a Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I'VE heard myſelf proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Eſcap'd the hunt. No port is free, no place,
That Guard and most unuſual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'ſcape,
I will preſerve myſelf: and am betought

*) *I ſhall find time from this enormous state*, iſt hier ein Verbum weggelaſſen z. B. *ſave* oder *delicer* ſie (nemlich die Cordelia) aus dieſem ſchrecklichen Zuſtand zu retten.

To take the boſeſt and the poorest ſhape,
That ever Penury in contempt of man
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins, elfe all my hair in knots;
And with preſented nakedneſs out — face
The winds and perſecutions of the ſky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, ſprigs of roſemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms
Poor pelting villages, ſheep — coats and mills,
Sometimes with lunatick bans, ſometimes with pray'rs,
Inforce their charity; poor Turlygood *)! poor Tom! —
That's ſomething yet: Edgar I nothing am.
(*Exit.*)

*) *Turly good* ſtatt *Turlupin*, ehedem der Name einer Art herumziehender Zigeuner.

SCE-

SCENE, changes again, to the Earl of Gloſter's Caſtle.

Enter LEAR, FOOL and GENTLEMAN.

Lear. 'TIS ſtrange, that they ſhould ſo depart from home,
And not ſend back my meſſenger.

Gent. As I learn'd.
The night before, there was no purpoſe in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble maſter!

Lear. Ha! mak'ſt thou thy ſhame thy poſtime?

Kent. No my Lord.

Fool. Ha, ha, he wears cruel garters; horſes are ty'd by the heads, dogs and bears by th' neck, monkeys by th' loins, and men by th' legs; when a man is over — luſty at legs then he wears wooden nether ſtock's.

Lear. What's he, that hath ſo much thy Place miſtook,
To ſet thee here?

Kent. It is both he and ſhe,

Your ſon and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I ſay.

Kent. I ſay, yea.

Lear. By Iupiter, I ſwear no.

Kent. By Iuno, I ſwear, ay.

Lear. They durſt not do't.
They could not, would not do't, tis worſe than murder
To do upon reſpect ſuch violent outrage:
Reſolve me with all modeſt haſte, which way
Thou might'ſt deſerve, or they impoſe this uſage,
Coming from us?

Kent. My Lord; when at their home
I did commend your Highneſs' letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place, that ſhew'd
My duty kneeling, came a reeking Post,
Stew'd in his haſte, *) half breathleſs, panting forth
From Gonerill his miſtreſs, ſalutation;
Deliver'd letters ſpight of intermiſſion **) Which

*) *Stew'd in his haſte* durch ſeine groſe Eilfertigkeit ganz mit Schweis bedeckt.

**) *Spight of intermiſſion* ohnerachtet der vorhergegangenen Vorzeigung meiner Briefe.

Which preſently they read: on whoſe contents
They ſummon'd up their meiny, ſtrait took horſe;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leiſure of their anſwer; gave me cold looks;
And meeting here the other meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome, I perceiv'd, had poiſon'd mine;
(Being the very fellow, which of late
Diſplay'd ſo ſaucily against your Highneſs.)
Having more man than wit about me, I drew;
He rais'd the houſe with loud and coward cries.
Your ſon and daughter found this treſpaſs worth
The ſhame which here it ſuffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geeſe fly that way
Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind:
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall ſee their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.
But, for all this, thou ſhalt have as many dolours from
Thy dear daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. Oh, how this mother ſwells up tow'rd my heart!
Hyſterica paſſio, down, thou climbing — ſorrow,
Thy element's below; where is this daughter?

Kent.

Kent. With the Earl, Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; ſtay here. (*Exit.*)

Gent. Made you no more offence
But what you ſpeak of?

Kent. None.
How chance the King comes with ſo ſmall a number?

Fool. And thou hadst been ſet i'th' ſtocks for that queſtion, thou'dst well deſervet it.

Kent. Why, fool.

Fool. We'll ſet thee to ſchool to an ant, to teach thee there's no lab'ring i'th winter. All that follow their noſes are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a noſe among twenty, but can ſmell him that's ſtinking — let yo thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, leſt it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. When a wiſe man gives the better counſel, give me mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it, ſince a fool gives it.

That Sir, which ſerves for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the ſtorm:

But

But I will tarry, the fool will ſtay,
And let the wiſe man fly:
The Knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i'th' Stocks fool.

Enter Lear and Glo'ſter.

Lear. Deny to ſpeak with me? they' re ſick, they' re weary,
They have travell'd all the nicht? mere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Bring me a better anſwer —

Glo. My dear Lord
You know the fiery quality of the Duke;
How unremovable, and fixt he is
In his own courſe.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confuſion! —
Fiery? what fiery quality? why, Glo'ſter,
I'd ſpeak with th' Duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good Lord, I have inform'd them ſo.

Lear. Inform'd them? doſt thou underſtand me man?

Glo. Ay, my good Lord.

Lear.

Lear. The King would ſpeak with Cornwall the dear father
Wou'd with his daughter ſpeak; commands her ſervice:
Are they inform'd of this? — my breath and blood! —
Fiery? the fiery duke? tell the hot Duke, that,
No, but not yet: may be, he is not well,
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound, we're not ourſelves,
When Nature, being oppreſt, commands the mind
To ſuffer with the body. I'll forbear;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit,
For the ſound man. — Death on my ſtate! but wherefore
Should he ſit here? this Act perſuades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my ſervant forth;
Go, tell the Duke and's wife, I'd ſpeak with them:
Now, preſently, — bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber — door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry, ſleep to death.
Glo. I would have all well betwixt you
(*Exit.*)
Lear.

Lear. Oh me, my heart! my rising heart! but down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney *) did to the Eels, when se put them i'th' Pasty alive; she rapt 'em o'th' coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, down wantons, down; 'Twas her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse butter'd his hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ster, and Servants.

Lear. Good — morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your Grace! (*Kent is set at Liberty.*)

Reg. I am glad to see your Highness.

Lear. Regan, I think, you are; I know, what reason
I have to think so; if thou wert not glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adultress. O, are you free? (*To Kent.*)
Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: oh Regan, she hath tied
Sharp — tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here;
(*Points to his heart.*)
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
With how deprav'd a quality — oh Regan! —

Reg.

*) *Cockney* heißt hier Köchinn.

Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have hope
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say? How is that? —

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation. If, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers;
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesom end.
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her! —

Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine; you should be rul'd and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you your Self; therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, Sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark, how this becomes the use?
Dear daughter, I confess, that I am old,
Age is unnecessary: *) On my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg.

*) *unnecessary* ist ohne Bedürfnisse.

Reg. Good Sir, no more; theſe are unſightly tricks:
Return you to my ſiſter.
Lear. Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd blank *) upon me; struck me with her tongue
Most ſerpent — like, upon the very heart.
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful Top! strike her young bones,
You taking **) airs, with lameneſs! — —
Corn. Fy! Sir, fy!
Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornful eyes! inſect her beauty,
You fen — ſuck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'rful ſun
To fall, and blast her pride.
Reg. O the blest Gods!
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.
Lear. No, Regan, thou ſhalt never have my curſe:
Thy

*) *blank* heißt hier unfreundlich, kaltſinnig.
**) *taking* heißt hier anſteckend.

Thy tender hearted nature ſhall not give
Thee o'er to harſhneſs; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my train,
To baudy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know'ſt
The offices of nature, bond of child — hood,
Effects of court'ſy, dues of gratitude:
Thy half o'th' Kingdom thou haſt not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to th' purpoſe. (*Trumpet within.*)

Lear. Who put my man i'th' Stocks?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my ſiſter's: this approves her letter,
That ſhe would ſoon be here. Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a ſlave, whoſe eaſy — borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my ſight.

Corn. What means your Grace?

En-

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who stockt my ſervant? Regan, I've good hope,
Thou didst not know on't. — Who comes here?
O Heav'ns,
If you do love old men, if your ſweet ſway
Hallow *) obedience, if yourſelves are old,
Make it your cauſe; ſend down, and take my part.
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?
O Regan, will you take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by th' hand, Sir? how have I offended?
All's not offence, that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms ſo.

Lear. O, ſides, **) you are too tough!
Will you yet hold? — how came my man i'th' Stocks?

Corn. I ſet him there, Sir: but his own diſorders
Deſerv'd much leſs advancement. ***)

*) *Hallow* andre leſen *allow*.

**) *Sides* heißt hier Herz.

***) *Deſerv'd much leſs advancement*, verdienten eine härtere Behandlung.

Lear. You? did you?

Reg. I pray you, Father, being weak, ſeem ſo,
If, 'till the expiration of your month,
You will return and ſojourn with my ſiſter,
Diſmiſſing half your train, come then to me;
I'm now from home, and out of that provision
Which ſhall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men diſmiſs'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuſe
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl;
To wage, against the enmity o'th' air,
Neceſſity's ſharp pinch — Return with her?
Why, the hot blooded France, that dow'rleſs took
Our youngeſt born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and 'Squire — like penſion beg,
To keep baſe life a — foot: — Return with her?
Perſuade me rather to be ſlave, and ſumpter,
To this deteſted groom.

Gon. At your choice, Sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewel;
We'll no more meet, no more ſee one another;
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daugh-
ter,

Or

Or rather a diſeaſe that's in my fleſh,
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a bile,
A plague — ſore, or imboſſed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood; but I'll not chide thee.
Let ſhame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder — bearer ſhoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high — judging Iove.
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leiſure.
I can be patient, I can ſtay with Regan;
I, and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether ſo;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome; give ear to my ſiſter;
For thoſe that mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Must be content to think you old, and ſo —
But ſhe knows what ſhe does.

Lear. Is this well ſpoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir; what, fifty fol — lowers?
Is it not well? what ſhould you need of more?
Yea, or ſo many? ſince both charge and danger
Speak' gainſt ſo great a number: how iu one houſe
Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? 'tis hard, almost impoſſible.

Gon. Why might not you, my Lord, receive attendance

From thoſe that ſhe calls ſervants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my Lord? if then they chanc'd to ſlack ye
We could controul them; if you'll come to me,
(For now I ſpy a danger) I intreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear I gave you all —

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my Guardians, my depoſitaries;
But kept a reſervation to be follow'd
With ſuch a number; muſt I come to you
With five and twenty? Regan, ſaid you ſo?

Reg. And ſpeak't again, my Lord, no more with me.

Lear. Thoſe wicked creatures yet do look well — favour'd
When others are more wicked; not being worſt,
Stands in ſome rank of praiſe; I'll go with thee;
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty;
And thou art twice her love. *)

Gon. Hear me, my Lord;
What

*) *thou art twice her love*, Du liebſt mich noch einmal ſo ſehr als ſie.

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a houſe, where twice ſo many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What needs one?

Lear. O, reaſon not the need: our baſest beggars
Are in the poorest thing ſuperfluous;
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beaſts'. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'ſt,
Which ſcarcely keeps thee warm, but for true need,
You heav'ns, give me that patience which I need!
You ſee me here, you Gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you, that stir theſe daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not ſo much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger;
O let not women's weapons, water — drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,
I will have ſuch revenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall — I will do ſuch things,
What they are, yet I know not; but they ſhall be
The terrors of the earth: you think, I'll weep:

 No,

No, I'll not weep. I have full cauſe of weeping:
This heart ſhall break into a thouſand flaws
Or ere I weep. O fool, I ſhall go mad.

(*Exeunt Lear, Glo'ster, Kent and Fool.*)

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a ſtorm.

(*Storm and tempeſt.*)

Reg. This houſe is little; the old man and his people
Cannot be well beſtow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himſelf from reſt,
And muſt needs taſte his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly;
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my Lord of Glo'ster?

Enter Glo'ster.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth; — he is return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage, and will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis beſt to give him way, he leads himſelf.

Gon. My Lord, intreat him by no means to ſtay.

Glo.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on: and the high winds
Do ſorely ruffle, for many miles about,
There's ſcarce a bush.

Reg. O Sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themſelves procure,
Must be their ſchool — masters: ſhut up your doors:
He is attended with a deſp'rate train;
And what they may incenſe him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wiſdom bids fear,

Corn. Shut up your doors, my Lord, 'tis a wild night,
My Regan counſels well: come out o'th' ſtorm.
(*Exeunt.*)

Act III.

SCENE, a Heath.

A ſtorm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, ſeverally.

Kent.

WHO'S there, beſides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you; where 's the King?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the ſea;
Or ſwell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or ceaſe: tears his white hair;
Which the impetuous blaſts with eyeleſs rage
Catch iu their fury, and make nothing of.)
Strives in his little world of man t'outſcorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub — drawn bear *) would couch,
She

*) Cub — *drawn bear*, ſeine Jungen liebende Bär.

The lion, and tha belly — pinched wolf
Keep their furr dry.; unbonnetted he runs,
And bids what will, take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool, who labours to
out — jeſt
His heart — ſtrück injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare, upou the waſrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There's diviſion
(Although as get the face of it is cover'd
With matual cunning) 'twixt Albany and
Cornwall:
Who have (as who have uot, whom their gre-
at ſtars
Throne and ſet high?) ſervants, who ſeem
no leſs;
Which are to France the ſpies and ſpeculations
Intelligent of our state. What hath been ſeen,
Either in ſnuffs and packings of the Dukes:
Or the hard rein, which both of them have
borne
Against the old kind king; or ſemething deeper,
(Whereof, perchance, theſe are but furni-
ſhings *) —)
But

*) *furnishings* heißt hier der Vorwand.

But true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this ſcatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wiſe in our negligence, have ſecret feet
In ſome of our beſt ports, and are at point
To ſhow their open banner — Now to you
If on my credit you dare build ſo far
To make your ſpeed to Dover, you ſhall find
Some that will thank you, making just report,
Of how unnatural and bemadding ſorrow
The King hath cauſe to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from ſome knowledge and aſſurance of you,
Offer this Office.

Gent. I'll talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not:
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out — wall, open this purſe and take
What it contains. If you ſhall ſee Cordelia,
(As, fear not, but you ſhall) ſhew her that ring,
And ſhe will tell you who this fellow is,
That yet you do not know. Fy on this ſtorm!
I will go ſeek the King.

Gent. Give me your hand, have you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;

That,

That, when we have found the King, (in which
you take
That way, I this:) he that first lights on him,
Halloo the other. (*Exeunt ſeverally.*)

Storm ſtill. Ente Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, ſpout
'Till you have drencht our steeples, drown'd the
cocks! *)
You ſulph' rous and thought — executing fires,
Vaunt — couriers of oak — cleaving thunder —
bolts,
Singe my white head. And thou all — ſhaking
thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o'th' world;
Crack nature's mould, all germins ſpill at once
That make ingrateful man.

Fool. Onuncle, court — holy — water in a dry houſe is better than the rain — waters out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters bleſsing: here's a night, that pities neither wiſe men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, ſpit fire, ſpout rain;
Nor

*) *Cocks*, die Wetterhahne auf den Thürmen.

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindneſs;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no ſubſcription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure; — here I ſtand, your ſlave;
A poor infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man!
But yet I call you ſervile miniſters,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high — engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this, Oh! oh! 'tis foul.

Fool. He that has a houſe to put's head in,
has a good head — piece:
The codpiece that will houſe, before the head has any,
The head and ſhe ſhall lowſe; ſo beggars marry many.
That man that makes his toe, what he his heart ſhould make,
Shall of a corn cry woe, and turn his ſleep to wake.
For there was never yet fair woman, but ſhe made mouths in a *) glaſs.

To

*) *glaſs*, Spiegel.

To them, Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will ſay nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod — piece, that's a wiſe man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here? things, that love night,
Love not ſuch nights as theſe: the whratful ſkies
Gallow the very wand'rers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: ſince I was a man,
Such ſheets of fire, ſuch burſts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember ta have heard. Man's nature cannot carry *)
Th' affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great Gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That haſt within thee undivulged crimes,
Un-

*) *carry* heißt hier ertragen, aushalten.

Unwhipt of juſtice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand,
Thou perjure, and thou ſimular of virtue,
That art inceſtuous: caitiff, ſhake to pieces,
That under covert and convenient ſeeming,
Hast practis'd on man's life! — Cloſe pent — up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents and ask
Theſe dreadful ſummoners grace. — I am a man
More ſinn'd against, than ſinning.

Lent. Alack, bare — headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendſhip will it lend you 'gainſt the tempest,
Repoſe you there, while I to this hard houſe
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which ev'n but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) return, and force
Their ſcanted courteſy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? art cold?
I'm cold myſelf. Where is the ſtraw, my fellow?
The art of our neceſsities is ſtrange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;
Poor fool and knave, I've one part in my heart,
That's ſorry yet for thee.

Fool.

Fool. He that has an a little tyny wit,
With heigh ho, the wind and the rain;
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy: come, bring us to this hovel (*Exit.*)

Fool. 'Tis a brave night to cool a courteſan,
I'll ſpeak a propheſy, or ere I go;
When prieſts are more in words than matter;
When brewers marr their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' ſuitors;
When every caſe in law is right,
No 'Squire in debt, nor no poor Knight;
When ſlanders do not live in tongues,
And cut — purſes come not to throngs;
When uſurers tell their gold i'th' field.
And bawds and whores do churches build:
Then ſhall the realm of Albion
Come to great confuſion:
Then comes the time, who lives to ſee't,
That going ſhall be us'd with feet.
This prophecy Merlin ſhall make, for I do live before his time.
(*Exit.*)

SCENE, An Apartment in Glo'ſters Caſtle.

Enter GLO'STER, and EDMUND.

Glo. A-Lack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing, when I deſir'd their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the uſe of mine own houſe; charg'd me, on pain of perpetual diſpleaſure, neither to ſpeak of him, entreat for him, or any way ſuſtain him.

Edm. Most ſavage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; ſay you nothing. There is diviſion between the Dukes and a worſe matter than that: I have receiv'd a letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be ſpoken; (I have lock'd the letter in my cloſet:) theſe injuries, the King now bears, will be revenged home, there is part of a power already footed; and we must incline to the King; I will look for him, and privily relieve him; go you; and maintain talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiv'd; if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed; if I die for it, as no leſs is threaten'd me, the King my old maſter muſt be relieved. There are ſtran-

ge

ge things toward, Edmund; pray, you, be careful. (*Exit.*)

Edm. This curteſy, forbid thee, ſhall the Duke
Inſtantly know and of that letter too.
This ſeems a fair deſerving, and must draw me
That which my father loſes; no leſs than all.
The younger riſes, when the old doth fall.
(*Exit.*)

SCENE changes to a part of the Heath with a Hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and FOOL.

Kent. HEre is the place, my Lord; good my Lord, enter.
The tyranny o' the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. (*Storm ſtill.*)

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Will't break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: good my Lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that tis contentious ſtorm
Invades us to the ſkin; ſo 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt. Thou'dst ſhun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring ſea,
Thou'dſt meet the bear i'th' mouth. When the mind's free
The body's delicate: the tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not, as this mouth ſhould tear this hand
For lifting food to't? — — But I'll punish home;
No, I'll will weep no more — In ſuch a night,
To ſhut me out? — pour on, I will endure:
In ſuch a night as this? O Regan, Gonerill,
Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave all — —
O, that way madneſs lies: let me ſhun that;
No more of that. —

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyſelf; ſeek thine own eaſe;
This tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more — but I'll go in;
In, boy, go first. You houſeleſs poverty —
Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll ſleep —

Poor

Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That 'bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm!
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides, *)
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs, defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? — O, I have ta' en
Too little care of this' take phyſick, Pomp;
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them
And ſhew the Heav'ns more just.

Ed. (within.) Fathom and half, fathom and half, poor Tom.

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a ſpirit; help me, help me.

(*The fool runs out from the hovel.*)

Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?

Fool. A ſpirit, a ſpirit, he ſays, his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou, that doſt grumble there i'th' ſtraw? come forth.

(*Enter Edgar, diſguis'd like a Madman.*)

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me. Through the ſharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Humph, **) go to thy bed and warm thee.

*) *Sides* ſteht hier ſtatt *bodies*.

**) *Humph*, veraltetes Wort ſo viel wie Hans.

Lear. Didſt thou give all to thy daughters? and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; ſet ratſbane by his porridge, made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horſe over four inch'd bridges, to courſe his own ſhadow for a traitor, — bleſs thy five wits; Tom's a — cold. O do, de, do de, do, de — bleſs thee from whirl — winds, ſtar — blaſting, and taking *); do poor Tom ſome charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and here again, and there. (*Storm ſtill.*)

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this paſs? Couldſt thou ſave nothing? didſt thou give'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reſerv'd a blanket, elſe we had been all ſhamed.

Lear. Now all the plagnes, that in the pendulous air

Hang

*) *taking* Seuchen.

Hang fated o'er mens' faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.

Lear. Death: traitor, nothing could have subdu'd nature
To such a lowneſs, but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion, that diſcarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their fleſh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe pelican daughters.

Ed. Pillicock ſat on pillicock — hill, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools, and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o'th' foul fiend; obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; ſwear not; commit not with man's ſworn ſpouſe; ſet not thy ſweet heart on proud array. Tom's a — cold.

Lear. What haſt thou been?

Edg. A ſerving — man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, *) ſerv'd the luſt of my miſtreſs's heart, and

*) *wore gloves in my cap*, es war damals gebräuchlich Handſchuh an Hut bei drei verſchiedenen Gelegenheiten zu tragen. Erſtlich als ein Liebeszeichen ſeiner Geliebten, wovon hier die Rede iſt, zweitens zum Andenken eines Freundes und drittens zum Zeichen, daß man von Jemanden heraus gefordert war.

did the act of darkneſs with her: ſwore as many oaths as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweet face of heav'n. One that ſlept in the contriving lust, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out — paramour'd the Turk. Falſe of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand, hog in ſloth, fox in ſtealth, wolf in greedineſs, dog in madneſs, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhoes, nor the ruſtling of ſilks, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: ſays ſuum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, Seſſey: let him trot by. *)

(*Storm ſtill.*)

Lear. Thou wert better in thy grave, than to anſwer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the ſkies. Is man no more than this? Conſider him well. Thou ow'ſt the worm no ſilk, the beast no hide, the ſheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are ſophisticated. Thou art the thing itſelf; unaccommodated man is no more but ſuch a poor, bare,

*) *Trot by*, eine Stelle aus einer ſehr alten Ballade.

bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off you lendings; *) come, unbutton here.

(*Tearing off his clothes.*)

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart, a small spark, and all the rest on 's body cold; look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; **) he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, ***) squints the eye, and makes the hairlip: mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of the earth.

Saint Withold ****) footed thrice the Wold,
He met the night — mare, and her nine — fold,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee.

*) *Lendings*, erborgte Kleider oder erborgter Staat.

**) *Flibbertigibbet*, der Name eines böſen Geiſtes, der in einigen alten Schriftſtellern vorkömmt.

***) *he gives the web and the pin*, er macht daß die Leute Flecken in die Augen (oder den Staar) bekommen.

****) *Withold*, wurde als ein Schutzheiliger wider den Alp angerufen.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Enter Glos'ter, with a Torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there, what is't you ſeek?

Glo. What are you there? your names?

Edg. Poor Tom, that eats the ſwimming frog, the toad, the tod — pole *); the wall — newt, and the water — newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow dung for ſallets; ſwallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the ſtanding pool; who is whipt from tything **) to tything, and ſtock — punish'd, and impriſon'd: who hath had three ſuits to his back, ſix ſhirts to his body.

Horſe to ride, and weapon to wear
But mice, and rats, and ſuch ſmall deer
Have been Tom's food for ſeven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smolkin, peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkneſs is a gentleman: Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo.

*) *tod — pole*, die Unke.

**) *tything* heißt hier ein Ort, ein Revier.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is grown
so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Tom's a — cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
T'obey in all your Daughter's hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you, where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this Philoso-
pher; —
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. My good Lord, take his offer,
Go into th' house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned
Theban:
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill
vermin.

Lear. Let us ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my
Lord;
His Wits begin t' unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him? (*Storm still.*)
His Daughters seek his death: ah, that good Kent!
He

He ſaid, it would be thus; poor banish'd man! —
Thou ſay'ſt, the King grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I'm almost mad myſelf; I had a ſon,
Now out — law'd from my blood; he ſought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,
No father his ſon dearer, true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?
I do beſeech your Grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir:
Noble Philoſopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a — cold.

Glo. In, fellow, into th' hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keep ſtill with my Philoſopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, ſooth *) him, let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah; come on; along with us.

Lear.

*) *Sooth* ſtatt *ſooth up* willfahren.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word ſtill, fy, foh, and fum,
I ſmell the blood of a Britiſh man.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE changes to Glo'ſter's Caſtle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I Will have revenge, ere I depart his houſe.

Edm. How, my Lord, I may be cenſur'd, that Nature thus gives way to loyalty, ſomething fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil diſpoſition made him ſeek his death: but a provoking merit, ſet a — work by a reprovable badneſs in himſelf.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to be juſt? this is the letter, which he ſpone of; which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens that this treaſon were not, or not I the detector!

Corn.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutcheſs.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty buſineſs in hand.

Corn. True, or falſe, it hath made thee Earl of Glo'ſter: ſeek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehenſion.

Edm. If I find him comforting the King, it will ſtuff his ſuſpicion more fully. — (*aſide*) I will perſevere in my courſe of loyalty, though the conflict be ſore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay truſt upon thee, and thou ſhalt find a dearer father in my love.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE, a Chamber, in a Farm-houſe.

Enter KENT and GLO'STER.

Glo. HERE is better than the open air, take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can; I will not be long from you.

(*Exit.*)

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindneſs!

En-

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. Fraterreto calls me, and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkneſs: pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his ſon: for he's a mad yeoman, that ſees his ſon a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thouſand with red burning ſpits
Come hizzing in upon 'em —

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that truſts in the tameneſs of a wolf, the health of a horſe, the love of a boy, or the oath of a whore.

Lear. It ſhall be done, I will arraign' em ſtrait.
(to Edg.) Come, ſit thou here, moſt learned juſticer;
(to the fool) Thou ſapient Sir, ſit here — now, ye ſhe — foxes! —

Edg. Look, where ſhe ſtands and glares.
Whanteſt thou eyes
A trial, Madam?
Come o'er the Broom, Beſſy, to me.

Fool.

Fool. Her Boat hath a Leak, and ſhe muſt not ſpeak
Why ſhe dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white Herrings. Croak not, black angel, I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, Sir? ſtand you not ſo amaz'd;
Will you lie down, and reſt upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll ſee their trial firſt, bring me in the evidence.
Thou robed man of juſtice, take thy place;
And, thou his yoke — fellow of equity,
Bench by his ſide. You are o'th' commiſſion, ſit you too.

Edg. Let us deal juſtly. —
Sleepeſt, or wakeſt thou, jolly ſhepherd?
Thy ſheep be in the corn;
And for one blaſt of thy minikin mouth,
Thy ſheep ſhall take no harm.
Purre, the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her firſt, 'tis Gonerill I here take my oath before this honourable aſſembly, ſhe kick'd the poor King her father.

Fool. Come hither, Miſtreſs, is your name Gonerill?

Lear.

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint — ſtool.

Lear. And here's another, whoſe warpt looks proclaim
What ſtore her heart is made of. Stop her there;
Arms, Arms, ſword, fire, — Corruption in the place!
Falſe juſticer, why haſt thou let her 'ſcape?

Edg. Bleſs thy five wits.

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now
That you ſo oft have boaſted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part ſo much,
They mar my counterfeiting. (*Aſide.*)

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet — heart, ſee, they bark at me —

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them; avant, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poiſons if it bite;
Maſtiff, grey — hound, mungril grim,
Hound or ſpaniel, brache, or hym;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle — tail,
Tom will make him weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.
Do, de, de, de: Seſſey, *) come, march to wakes and fairs,
And market towns; poor Tom, thy horn is dry. **)

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan — ſee what breeds about her heart — Is there any cauſe in nature that makes theſe hard hearts? You, Sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the faſhion of your garments. You will ſay, they are Perſian, but let them be chang'd.

Re-enter Glo'ster.

Kent. Now, good my Lord, lie here and reſt a while.

Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the curtains;
So, ſo, we'll go to ſupper i'th' morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Glo. Come hither friend; where is the King, my master?

Kent.

*) *Seſſey* der Name eines böſen Geiſtes.

**) Leute, die unter dem Vorwande wahnwitzig oder beſeſſen zu ſein, bettelten, bließen mit einem Horn auf den Straßen.

Kent. Here, Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms:
I have o'er — heard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready, lay him in't,
And drive tow'rd Dover, friend, where thou ſhall meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy maſter.
If thou ſhouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in aſſured loſs. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to ſome proviſion
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppreſt Nature ſleeps:
This reſt might yet have balm'd thy broken ſenſes,
Which, if conveniency will not allow, *)
Stand in hard cure. Come, help to bear thy maſter,
Thou must not ſtay behind. (*To Fool.*)

Glo. Come, come, away. (*Exeunt, bearing off the King.*

*) *if conveniency will not allow*, wenn ſich die Umſtände nicht beſſern.

Manet Edgar.

Edg. When we our betters ſee bearing our woes,
We ſcarcely think our miſeries our foes,
Who alone ſuffers, ſuffers most i'th' mind;
Leaving free things, and happy ſhows behind:
But then the mind much ſuff'rance does o'erſkip
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellow ſhip.
How light, and portable, my pain ſeems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the King bow;
He childed, as I father'd *)! — Tom, away;
Mark the high noiſes, and thyſelf bewray,
When falſe opinion, whoſe wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof repeals, and reconciles thee,
What will, hap more to — night, ſafe 'ſcape the King!
Lurk, lurk. — *Exit. Edgar.*

*) *He childed, as I father'd*, er wird eben ſo von ſeinen Kindern behandelt, als ich von meinem Vater.

SCENE changes to Glo'ſter's Caſtle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERILL, EDMUND, and SERVANTS.

Corn. POſt ſpeedily to my Lord your huſband, ſhew him this letter; the army of France is landed; ſeek out the traitor Glo'ſter.

Reg. Hang him inſtantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my diſpleaſure. Edmund, keep you our ſiſter company; the revenges, we are bound to take upon your traiterous father, are not fit for your beholding. Adviſe the Duke, where you are going, to a most feſtinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our poſts ſhall be ſwift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewel, dear ſiſter; farewel, my Lord of Glo'ſter.

Enter Steward.

How now? where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of Glo'ſter hath convey'd him hence.
Some five or ſix and thirty of his Knights,
Hot queſtrists after him, met him at gate;

Who with ſome other of the Lords dependants,
Are gone with him tow'rd Dover; where they
boast
To have well — armed friends.

(*Exeunt Gon. and. Edm.*)

Corn. Edmund, farewel: — go ſeek the traitor Glo'ſter;
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:
Though well we may not paſs upon his life
Without the form of juſtice; yet our pow'r
Shall do a curt'ſy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not controll.

Enter Glo'ſter, brought in by Servants.

Who's there? the traitor?

Reg. Ungrateful fox! 'tis he

Corn. Bind faſt his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your Graces? Good my friends conſider.
You are my gueſts: Do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I ſay (*They bind him.*)

Reg Hard hard! O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are! I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou ſhalt find —

Glo. By the kind gods; 'tis moſt ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg.

Reg. So white, and ſuch a traitor?

Glo. Naughty lady.
Theſe hairs, which thou doſt ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, *) and accuſe thee: I'm your hoſt;
With robbers' hands, my hoſpitable favours
You ſhould not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, Sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be ſimple anſwerer, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confed'racy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whoſe hands
Have you ſent the lunatick King? ſpeak.

Glo. I have a letter gueſſingly ſet down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning —

Reg. And falſe.

Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the King?

Glo. To Dover.

*) *quicken* heißt hier lebendig werden.

Reg Wherefore to Dover?
Wast thou not charg'd at peril —
Corn. Wherefore to Dover? let him first answer that.
Glo. I am ty'd to th' ſtake, and I must ſtand the courſe *)
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Glo. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce ſiſter
In his anointed fleſh ſtick boarish phangs.
The ſea, with ſuch a storm as his bare head
In hell — black night indur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the ſtelled **) fires;
Yet poor old heart, he help'd the heav'ns to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that ſtern time,
Thou ſhouldſt have ſaid, "go, porter, turn the key";
All cruels elſe ſubſcrib'd; but I ſhall ſee
The winged vengeance overtake ſuch children.
Corn. See't ſhalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon theſe eyes of thine I'll ſet my foot.

Glo.

*) *I am ty'd to - - - - courſe*, iſt ein Gleichniß von einem angebundenen Bär, der den Anfall der Hunde aushalten muß.

**) *Stelled*, geſtirnt.

(Glo'ſter is held down, while Cornwall treads out one of his eyes.

Glo. He, that will think to live 'till he be old,
Give me ſome help. — O cruel! O you gods!

Reg. One ſide will mock another; th' other too.

Corn. If you ſee vengeance —

Serv. Hold your hand, my Lord:
I've ſerv'd you, ever ſince I was a child:
But better ſervice have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd ſhake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain!

Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

(Fight; in the Scuffle Cornwal is wounded.

Reg. Give me thy ſword. A peaſant ſtand up thus?

(Kills him.)

Serv. Oh, I am ſlain — my Lord, you have one eye left
To ſee ſome miſchief on him. Oh — *(Dies.)*

Corn. Lest it ſee more, prevent it: out, vile gelly: Where is thy luſtre now? (*Treads the other out.*)

Glo. All dark and comfortleſs — where's my ſon Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the ſparks of nature
To quit *) this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain.
Thou call'ſt on him, that hates thee: It was he,
That made the overture of thy treaſons to us:
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd. Kind gods, forgive
She that, and proſper him!

Reg. Go thrust him out
At gates, and let him ſmell his way to Dover.
Exit with Glos'ter.
How is't, my Lord, how look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt; follow me, lady. —
Turn out that eyeleſs villain; throw this ſlave
Upon the dunghil. — Regan, I bleed apace.
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.
(*Exit Cornwal led by Regan.*)

1. ſt.

---

*) *quit* heißt hier rächen.

1. ſt. Serv. I'll never care what wicked neſs
I do,
If this man come to good.

2. d. Serv. If ſhe live long,
And, in the end, meet the old courſe of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1. ſt. Serv. Let's follow the old Earl, and
get the bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish mad-
neſs
Allows itſelf to any thing.

2. d. Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch ſome flax and
whites of eggs
T'apply to's bleeding face. Now, heaven help
him!

(*Exeunt Severally.*)

Act IV.

Act IV.

SCENE, an open Country.

Enter Edgar.

YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than Still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest, most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands ſtill in eſperance; lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the beſt;
The worst returns to taughter. *) Welcome theu,
Thou unſubſtantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch. that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Glo'ster, led by an old man.

But who comes here?
My father poorly led? World, world, O world!
But

*) *The lamentable change is from the best;*
The worts returns to taughter, die Glücklichſten ſind der kläglichſten Veränderung unterworfen, und die Unglücklichen gehn zum Lachen über.

But that thy ſtrange mutations make us wait *)
thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good Lord, I have been
your tenant,
And your father's tenant, theſe fourſcore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away: good friend, be
gone;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot ſee your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no
eyes:
I ſtumbled when I ſaw. Full oft 'tis ſeen,
Our mean **) ſecures us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities. — O dear ſon Edgar,
The food of thy abuſed father's wrath;
Might I but live to ſee thee in my touch,
I'd ſay, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? who's there?

Edg. O Gods! who is't can ſay, I'm at the
worst?
I'm worſe, than e'er I was.

Old

*) *wait* andere leſen *hate*.

**) *mean* heißt hier ſchlechte, elende Umſtände.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. And worſe I may be yet: the worſt is not,
So long as we can ſay, this is the worſt.

Old Man. Fellow, where goeſt?

Glo. Is it a beggar — man?

Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.

Glo. He has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg.
I'th' laſt night's ſtorm I ſuch a fellow ſaw;
Which made me think a man, a worm. My ſon
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then ſcarce friends with him. I've heard more ſince.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' Gods;
They kill us for their ſport.

Edg. How ſhould this be?
Bad is the trade must play the fool to ſorrow,
Ang'ring itſelf and others. — Bleſs thee, master.

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my Lord.

Glo. Get thee away: if, for my ſake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain
I'th' way tow'rd Dover, do it for ancient love;
And

And bring some covering for this naked Soul,
Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, Sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind:
Do as I bid, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best' parrel that I have
Come on't, what will. (*Exit.*)

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a — cold; — I cannot daub it further.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. And yet I must;
Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse — way and foot — path: poor Tom hath been scar'd out of his good wits. Bless thee, good man, from the foul fiend. Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut, Hobbididen, Prince of dumbness; Mohu, of stealing; Mohu, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing: who since possesses chamber — maids and waitingwomen.

Glo.

Glo. Here, take this purſe, thou whom the heavens' plagues
Have humbled to all ſtrokes. That I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier: heavens deal ſo ſtill!
Let the ſuperfluous and luſt dieted man,
That ſlaves your ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he does not feel, feel your power quickly:
So diſtribution ſhould undo exceſs,
And each man have enough. Do'ſt thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whoſe high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the miſery, thou do'ſt bear,
With ſomething rich about me: from that place
I ſhall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom ſhall lead thee.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCE-

SCENE, the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter GONERILL, and EDMUND.

Gon. Welcome, my Lord. I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way.

Enter Steward.

Now, where's your master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man ſo chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed:
He ſmil'd at it. I told him, you were coming,
His anſwer was, the worſe. Of Glo'ſter's treachery,
And of the loyal ſervice of his ſon,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me ſot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong ſide out.
What moſt he ſhould diſlike, ſeems pleaſant to him;
What like, offenſive.

Gon. Then ſhall you go no further.
It is the cowiſh terror of his ſpirit,
That dares not untertake: he'll not feel wrongs,

Which tie him to an answer: our wiſhes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Haſten his muſters, and conduct his powers.
I must change arms at home, and give the diſtaff
Into my husband's hands. This truſty ſervant
Shall paſs between us: you ere long ſhall hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A miſtreſs's command. Wear this; ſpare ſpeech:
Decline your head. This Kiſs, if it durſt ſpeak,
Would Stretch thy ſpirits up into the air;
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Glo'ſter! (*Exit Edmund.*)
Oh, the ſtrange difference of man, and man!
To thee a woman's ſervices are due,
My fool uſurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whiſtle. *)

Alb. Oh Gonerill,

You

*) — — — *worth the whistle*, nach dem Sprichwort: Das iſt ein armer Hund, der nicht einmal des Pfeifens werth iſt.

You are not worth the dust, which the rude wind
Blows in your face. — I fear your diſpoſition,
That nature, which contemns its origine,
Cannot be border'd certain in itſelf;
She *) that herſelf will ſliver, and dis — branch,
From her maternal ſap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly uſe.

Gon. No more; 'tis foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodneſs to the vile ſeem vile;
Fliths favour but themſelves — What have you done?
Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Most barb'rous, most degenerate, have you maddeded.
Cou'd my good brother ſuffer you to do it,
A man, a Prince by him ſo benefited?
If that the heav'ns do not their viſible ſpirits
Send quickly down to tame the vile offences,

*) *She* - - - - - - - *deadly uſe* unter dem *She*, wird das Wort Zweig verſtanden. Das *deadly uſe* bezieht ſich auf den Gebrauch den die Hexen und Zauberer von verdorreten Zweigen machten.

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk — liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour, from thy suffering: that not know'st,
Fools do these villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy Drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,
With plumed helm thy slayer begins his threats,
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
A Alack! why does he so? —

Alb. See thyself, devil:
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou chang'd, and self — converted thing! For shame,
Be — monster not thy feature. Were't my fitness
To let these hands obey my (*boiling*) blood,
They're apt enough to dislocate and tear

Thy

Thy flesh and bones. — Howe'er thon art a
fiend,
A woman's ſhape doth ſhield thee. —

Gon. Marry, your manhood now! —

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of Corn-
wall's dead:
Slain by his ſervant, going to put out
The other eye of Glo'ſter.

Alb. Glo'ſter's eyes!

Meſ. A ſervant, that he bred, thrill'd with
remorſe,
Oppos'd againſt the act; bending his ſword
To his great master: who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongſt them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful ſtroke, which ſince
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This ſhews you are above,
You juſtices, that theſe our nether crimes
So ſpeedily can 'venge. But O poor Glo'ſter!
Loſt he his other eye?

Meſ. Both, both, my Lord.
This letter, Madam, craves a ſpeedy anſwer:
'Tis from your ſiſter.

Gon. One way, I like this well;
But being widow, and my Glo'ſter with her,

May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not ſo tart. I'll read, and anſwer.
(*Exit.*)

Alb. Where was his ſon, when they did take his eyes?

Meſ. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He's not here?

Meſ. No, my good Lord, I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedneſs?

Meſ. Ay, my good Lord, 'twas he inform'd againſt him,
And quit the houſe of purpoſe, that their puniſhment
Might have the freer courſe.

Alb. Glo'ſter, I live
To thank thee for the love thou ſhew'dſt the King,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend,
Tell me, what more thou know'ſt. (*Exeunt.*)

SCE-

SCENE, DOVER.

Enter KENT, and a GENTLEMAN.

Kent. THE King of France ſo ſuddenly gone back!
Know you the reaſon?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the ſtate,
Which ſince his coming forth is thought of, which
Imports the kingdom ſo much fear and danger,
That his return was most requir'd and neceſſary.

Kent. Whom hath he left behind him General?

Gent. The Mareſchal of France, Monsieur le Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, Sir, ſhe took 'em, read 'em in my preſence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it ſeem'd, ſhe was a Queen
Over her paſsion, which, most rebel-like,
Sought to be King o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. But not to rage. Patience and ſorrow ſtrove
Which ſhould expreſs her goodlieſt; you have ſeen
Sun — ſhine and rain at once: — her ſmiles and tears
Were like a wetter May. Thoſe happieſt ſmiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip ſeem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt. — In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity moſt belov'd,
If all could ſo become it.

Kent. Made ſhe no verbal question?

Gent. Yes, once, or twice, ſhe hear'd the name of Father
Pantingly forth, as if it preſt her heart.
Cry'd, ſiſters! ſiſters! — Shame of ladies! ſiſters!
Kent! Father! Sisters! what? i'th' ſtorm? i'th' night?
Let pity ne'er believe it! — there ſhe ſhook
The holy water from her heav'nly eyes;
And, clamour — motion'd, then away ſhe ſtarted
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. — It is the ſtars,
The ſtars above us, govern our conditions:
Elſe

Elſe one ſelf — mate and mate could not beget
Such diff'rent iſſues. Spoke you with her ſince?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the King return'd?

Gent. No, ſince.

Kent. Well, Sir; the poor diſtreſſed Lear's in town;
Who ſometimes, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about; and by no means
Will yield to ſee his daughter.

Gent. Why, good Sir?

Kent. A ſov' reign ſhame ſo bows him; his unkindneſs,
That ſtript her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign caſualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog — hearted daughters; theſe things ſting him
So venomouſly, that burning ſhame detains him
From his Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's, and Cornwall's pow'rs you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis ſo, they are a — foot.

Kent. Well, Sir; I'll bring you to our maſter Lear;

And leave you to attend him. Some dear cauſe
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile:
When I am known aright, you ſhall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. Pray, along with me.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE, a CAMP.

Enter CORDELIA, PHYSICIAN, and SOLDIERS.

Cor. A Lack, 'tis he; why, he was met ev'n now
As mad as the vext ſea; ſinging aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiterr, and furrow — weeds,
With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo — flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our ſuſtaining corn. Send forth a cent'ry;
Search every acre in the high — grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can man's Wisdom
In the reſtoring his bereaved ſenſe,
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phyſ.

Phyſ. There are means, Madam:
Our ſoſter nurſe of nature is repoſe;
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many ſimples operative, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bleſt ſecrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears; be aidant, and remediate
In the good man's diſtreſs! ſeek, ſeek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage diſſolve the life,
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. News, Madam:
The Britiſh Powr's are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before. Our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy buſineſs that I go about: therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ay'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and ſee him! (*Exeunt.*)

SCE-

SCENE, Regan's PALACE.

Enter REGAN and STEWARD.

Reg. BUT are my Brother's powers ſet forth?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Reg. Himſelf in perſon there?

Stew. With much ado.
Your ſiſter is the better ſoldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund ſpake not with your lady at home?

Stew. No, Madam.

Reg. What might import my ſiſter's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, Lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on ſerious matter.
It was great ign'rance, *) Glo'ſter's eyes being out,
To let him live: where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his miſery, to diſpatch

His

*) *It was great ignorance*, es war ſehr unbeſonnen.

His nighted life: moreover, to descry
The strength o'th' enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to — morrow: stay with us
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, Madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? might not you
Transport her purposes by word? belike,
Something — I know not what — I'll love thee much —
Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather —

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband:
I'm sure of that; and, at her late being here,
She gave strange oeiliads, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know, you're of her bosom.

Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding: you are; I know't,
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note;
My Lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd,
And

And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's: you may gather more:
If you do find him, pray you, give him this:
And when your Mistreſs hears thus much from you,
I pray, deſire her call her wisdom to her. So farewel.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, Madam, I ſhould ſhew
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

SCENE, the Country, near Dover.

Enter GLO'STER, and EDGAR as a PEASANT.

Glo. WHen ſhall I come to th' top of that ſame hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now. Look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible ſteep.
Hark, do you hear the ſea?

Glo.

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why then your other ſenſes grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed.
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou ſpeak'ſt
In better phraſe and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Sure, you're better ſpoken.

Edg. Come on, Sir, here's the place — ſtand ſtill. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes ſo low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the mid way air,
Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one, that gathers Samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he ſeems no bigger than his head.
The fiſher — men, that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd *) to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge,
That

*) *Diminish'd to her cock*, ſcheint nicht größer zu ſein als ſein Boot.

That on th' unnumbred idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more,
Leſt my brain turn, and the deficient ſight,
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me, where you Stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: you're now within a foot
Of th' extream werge: for all below the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand:
Here, friend, 's another purſe, in it a Iewel
Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies, and Gods,
Proſper it with thee! Go thou further off,
Bid me farewel, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir. (*Seems to go.*)

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his deſpair?
'Tis done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty Gods!
This world I do renounce; and in your ſights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great oppoſeleſs Wills,
My ſnuff and loathed part of nature ſhould Burn

Burn itſelf out. If Edgar live, O bleſs him.
Now, fellow, fare thee well. (*He leaps, and falls along.*)

Edg. Good Sir, farewel.
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treaſury of life, when life itſelf
Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past. — Alive or dead?
Hoa, you, hear you, friend! Sir! Sir! ſpeak!
Thus might he paſs indeed — yet he revives.
What are you, Sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'st thou been aught but Goſs'mer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst ſhiver'd like an egg: but thou doſt breathe,
Haſt heavy ſubſtance, bleed'ſt not; ſpeak, art found?
Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou haſt perpendicularly fall'n.
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread ſummit of this chalky bourn!

Look up a — height, the ſhrill — gorg'd Lark
ſo far
Cannot be ſeen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedneſs depriv'd that benefit,
To end itſelf by death? 'twas yet ſome comfort,
When miſery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And fruſtrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm.
Up, ſo, — how is't? feel you your legs? you
ſtand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all ſtrangeneſs.
Upon the crown o'th' cliff, what thing was that,
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I ſtood here, below, methought his
eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thouſand noſes,
Horns welk'd, and wav'd like the enridged ſea;
It was ſome fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,
Think, that the cleareſt gods, who make them
honours
Of men's impoſſibilities, have preſerv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itſelf,
Enough,

Enough, enough, and die. That thing you ſpeak of,
I took it for a man; often 'would ſay,
The fiend, the fiend — he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear, dreſt madly with flowers.

But who comes here?
The ſafer ſenſe will ne'er accommodate
His maſter thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining:
I am the King himſelf.

Edg. O thou ſide — pieroing ſight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that reſpect. There's your preſs — money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow — keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouſe! Peace, peace; — this piece of toaſted cheeſe will do't — there's my gaunlet. I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, Barb! 'th' clout, i'th' clout: hewgh. — Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Paſs.

Glo. I know, that voice.

Lear. Ha! Gonerill! hah! Regan! they flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there.

re. To ſay ay, and no, to every thing that I ſaid — Ay, and no, too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found' em, there I ſmelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words; they told me I was every thing: 'tis a lye, I am not agueproof.

Glo. The trick of that voice *) I do well remember:
Is't not the King?

Lear. Ay, every inch a King.
When I do ſtare, ſee, how the ſubject quakes. I pardon that man's life. What was the cauſe? Adultery thou ſhalt not die: die for adultery? no, the wren goes to't, and the ſmall gilded fly does letcher **) in my ſight. Let copulation thrive: for Glo'ſter's baſtard ſon was kinder to his father, than my daughter's got 'tween the lawful ſheets. To't, luxury, pell — mell; for I lack ſoldiers. Behold yond ſimpering Dame, whoſe face 'tween her forks ***) preſages ſnow: that minces virtue, and does ſhake the head to hear

*) *The trick of that voice*, der Ton dieſer Stimme.
**) *letcher* buhlen.
***) *forks*, die Seitenflügel der Haube.

hear of pleaſure's name. The fitchew, nor the ſoiled horſe, goes to't with a more riotous appetite: down from the waiſte they are centaurs, though women all above: but to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends. There's hell, there's darkneſs, there is the ſulphurous pit, burning, ſcalding, ſtench, conſumption: fy, fy, fy; pah, pah; give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to ſweeten my imagination! there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiſs that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first, it ſmells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! this great world
Shall ſo wear out to nought. Do'ſt thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: doſt thou ſquiny at me? no, do thy worſt, blind Cupid; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters ſuns, I could not ſee one.

Edg. I would not take tis from report; it is, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with this caſe of eyes?

Lear. Oh, ho, are you there with me? no eyes in your head, nor no money in your purſe? your eyes are in a heavy caſe, your purſe in a light; yet you ſee how this world goes.

Glo. I ſee it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? a man may ſee how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: ſee, how yond juſtice rails upon yond ſimple thief. Hark in thine ear: change places, and handy — dandy, which is the juſtice, which is the thief? Thou haſt ſeen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar.

Glo. Ay, Sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? there thou might'ſt behold the great image of authority; a dog's obey'd in office. —
Thou raſcal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why doſt thou laſh that whore? ſtrip thy own back;
Thou hotly luſt'ſt to uſe her in that kind,
For which thou whip'ſt her. Th' uſurer hangs the cozener
Through tatter'd cloaths ſmall vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate ſin with gold,
And the ſtrong lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's ſtraw doth pierce it.

None

None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able *)
'em;
Take that of me, my friend, who have the pow'r
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.
Now, now, now, now. Pull of my boots: har-
der, harder, so.

Edg. O matter and impertinency mixt **),
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take
my eyes,
I know thee well enough, thy name is Glo'ster,
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither;
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the
air,
We wawle and cry. I will preach to thee: mark —

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we
are come
To this great stage of fools. — This a good
block! ***) —

*) *able* heißt hier vertheidigen.

**) *matter and impertinency* heißt hier Verstand und Unverstand.

***) *block* der Kopf dieses Huts.

It were a delicate ſtratagem to ſhoe
A troop of horſe with felt; I'll put't in proof;
And when I've ſtol'n upon theſe ſons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter Gentlemen with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him; Sir,
Your most dear daughter —

Lear. No reſcue? what, a priſoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Uſe me well,
You ſhall have ranſom. Let me have ſurgeons,
I am cut to th' brains.

Gent. You ſhall have any thing.

Lear. No ſeconds? all myſelf?
Why, this would make a man, a man of ſalt;
To uſe his eyes for garden — water — pots,
And laying autumn's dust. I will die bravely,
Like a ſmug bridegroom. What? I will be jovial:
Come, come, I am a King. My Maſters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, an you get it,

You

You ſhall get it by running: ſa, ſa, ſa, ſa.
(*Exit.*)

Gent. A ſight most pitiful in the meaneſt wretch,
Paſt ſpeaking of in a King. Thou haſt one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curſe
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, ſpeed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, Sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most ſure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish ſound.

Edg. But by your favour
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot: 'the *) main deſcry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, Sir: That's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on ſpecial cauſe is here,
Her army is mowed on. (*Exit.*)

*) *the main deſcry ſtands on the hourly thought,*
die Hauptarmee wird ſtündlich erwartet.

Edg. I thank you, Sir.

Glo. You ever gentle Gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worſer ſpirit tempt me again
To die before you pleaſe!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good Sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows,
Who by the art of known and feeling ſorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to ſome biding. *)

Glo. Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the benizon of heav'n
To boot, and boot! —

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! most happy!
That eyeleſs head of thine was first fram'd fleſh,
To raiſe my fortunes. Old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyſelf remember: the ſword is out,
That muſt deſtroy thee.

Glo. Let thy friendly hand
Put ſtrength enough to't.

Stew.

*) *biding* ſtatt *abiding*.

Stew. Wherefore bold peaſant,
Dar'ſt thou ſupport a publish'd traitor? hence,
Leſt that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill *) not let go, Zir, without vurther 'caſion

Stew. Let go, ſlave, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gaite, and let poor volk paſs: and 'chud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man: keep out, che vor'ge, or ice try whether your coſtard or my bat be the harder; chill be plain with you.

Stew. Out dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, Zir: come, no matter vor your foyns.

(*Edgar knocks him down.*)

Stew. Slave, thou haſt ſlain me: villain, take my purſe;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the letters, which thou find'ſt about me,
To Edmund Earl of Glo'ſter: ſeek him out
Upon

*) *Chill — — — — 'caſion*, werde nicht loslaſſen, Herr, es müſte erſt noch ganz anders kommen.

Upon the English party: Oh, untimely death! —
(*Dies.*)

Edg. I know thee well, a ſerviceable villain
As duteous to the vices of thy Miſtreſs,
As badneſs would deſire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father: reſt you.
Let's ſee theſe pockets; the letters, that he ſpeaks of,
May be my friends: he's dead; I'm only ſorry,
He had no other death's — man. Let us ſee —
By your leave, gentle wax — and manners blame us not;
To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts;
Their papers are more lawful.

Reads the Letter.

Let our reciprocal wows be remembred. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your Will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror. Then am I the priſoner, and his bed my goal; from the hathed warmth wereof deliver me, and ſupply the place for your labour.

Your

Your (wife, ſo I would ſay) affectionate
Servant,
Gonerill.

Oh, undistinguish'd ſpace of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husbond's life,
And the exchange my brother. Here, i'th' ſands
Thee I'll take up, the poſt unſanctified
Of murd'rous letchers: *) and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the ſight
Of the death practis'd **) Duke: for him 'tis well
That of thy death and buſineſs I can tell.

Glo. The King is mad; how ſtiff is my vile
ſenſe
That I ſtand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge ſorrows! better I were diſtract,
So ſhould my thoughts be ſever'd from my griefs;
(*Drum afor off.*)
And woes, by wrong imaginations, loſe
The knowledge of themſelves.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll beſtow you with a friend.

Exeunt.

*) *letcher* Buhler.

**) *death practiſed* zum Tode verurtheilt.

SCENE changes to a Chamber.

Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and PHYSICIAN.

Cor. O, Thou good Kent, how ſhall I live and work
To match thy goodneſs? life will be too ſhort,
And ev'ry meaſure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, Madam, is o'erpaid;
All my reports go with the modeſt truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.

Cor. Be better ſuited;
Theſe weeds are memories of thoſe worſer hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon, 'dear Madam,
Yet to be known, ſhortens my made intent
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
'Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it ſo,
My Lord — — How does the King? (*To the Phyſician.*)

Phyſ. Madam, ſleeps ſtill.

Cor. O you kind Gods!
Cure this great breach in his abuſed nature;

Th'

Th' unkind and jarring ſenſes, O, wind up
Of this child — changed father. *)

Phyſ. Pleaſe your Majeſty,
That we may wake the king, he hath ſlept long?

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I'th' ſway of your own will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chair, carried by Servants.

Phyſ. Ay, Madam, in the heavineſs of ſleep,
We put fresh garments on him.
Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. O my deor father! Reſtoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiſs
Repair thoſe violent harms, that my two ſiſters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and deareſt Princeſs!

Cor. Had you not been their father, theſe white flakes **)
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?

To

*) *child — changed father*, kann heiſſen, ein in ein Kind verwandelter Vater, oder ein Vater, der durch ſeine Kinder in eine ſo traurige Lage gekommen iſt.

**) *flakes* hier ſo viel als *hairs*.

To stand against the deep, dread — bolt thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? To watch poor Perdue, *)
Though he had bit me, shou'd have stood that night
Against my fire: And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits, at once,
Had not concluded all. — He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you, 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal Lord? how fares your Majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th' grave;
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am, bound
Upon a wheel of fire; that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear.

*) to watch poor Perdue, wie ein armer verlohrner zu wachen.

Lear. You are a ſpirit, I know; when did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide —

Phyſ. He's ſcarce awake, let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? where am I? fair day — light?
I'm mightily abus'd; I ſhould even die with pity,
To ſee another thus. I know not what to ſay;
I will not ſwear, theſe are my hands: let's ſee;
I feel this pin prick: 'would I were aſſur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.
No, Sir, you muſt not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me;
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourſcore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I ſhould know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: For I'm mainly ignorant,
What place this is; and all the ſkill I have,
Remembers not theſe garments; nay, I know not
Where I did lodge laſt night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think, this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am; I am. —

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, 'faith; I pray you, weep not.
If you have poison for me, I will drink it;
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good Madam; the great rage,
You see, is cur'd in him: — and, yet, 'twere danger
*) To make him even o'er the time, h'as lost.
Desire him to go in, trouble him no more,
'Till further settling.

Cor. Wilt please your Highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me
Pray you now, forget and forgive;
I am old and foolish.

(*Exeunt Lear, Cord. Phys. and Attendants.*)

Man-

*) *To make him even o'er the time h'as lost*, ihn, mit der für ihn verlohrnen Zeit auszusöhnen.

Manent Kent und Gentleman.

Gent. Holds it true, Sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, Sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Glo'ster.

Gent. They say, Edgar, his banisht son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable; 'tis time to look about:
The powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement *) is like to be bloody. —
Fare you well, Sir.

(*Exit Gentl.*)

Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought.
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.

(*Exit Kent.*)

*) *arbitrement* heißt hier Entscheidung.

Act V.

SCENE, A Camp.

Enter EDMUND, REGAN, GENTLEMAN, and SOLDIERS.

Edmund.

KNOW of the Duke, if his laſt purpoſe hold:
Or whether ſince he is adviſ'd by aught,
To change the courſe? he's full of alteration,
And ſelf — reproving: bring his conſtant plea-
ſure.

Reg. Our ſiſter's man is certainly miſcarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.

Reg. Now, ſweet Lord,
You know the goodneſs I inten'd upon you:
Tell me but truly, but then ſpeak the truth,
Do you not love my ſiſter?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the fore — fended place?

Edm.

Edm. No; by mine honour, Madam.

Reg. I never ſhall endure her; dear my Lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear not; ſhe, and the Duke her huſband —

Enter Albany, Gonerill, and Soldiers.

Gon. I'd rather loſe the battle, than that ſiſter
Should looſen him and me. — (*Aſide.*)

Alb Our very loving ſiſter, well be met:
Sir, this I hear, the King is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our ſtate
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honeſt,
I never yet was valiant: 'fore this buſineſs,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not holds the King, with others, whom I fear,
Moſt just and heavy cauſes make oppoſe) —

Edm. Sir, you ſpeak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reaſon'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainſt the enemy:
For theſe domeſtick and particular broils
Are not the queſtion here.

Edm. I ſhall attend you preſently at your tent.

Alb. Let's then determine with th' Antient of war
On our proceeding.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient, pray you, go with us.

Gon. Oh, ho, I know the riddle, I will go.

(As they are going out, Enter Edgar disguis'd)

Edg. If e'er your Grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you! — speak.

(*Exeunt Edm. Reg. Gon. and Attendants.*)

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter
If you have vict'ry, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay 'till I've read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. (*Exit.*)

Alb. Why, fare thee well, I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Hard is the gueſs of their true ſtrength and forces,
By diligent diſcovery; but your haſte
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet *) the time

Edm. To both theſe ſiſters have I ſworn my love:
Each jealous of the other, as the ſtung
Are of the adder. Which of them ſhall I take?
Both? one? or neither? neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: ſo take the widow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her ſiſter Gonerill;
And hardly ſhall I carry **) out my ſide,
Her husband being alive: Now then, we'll uſe
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, deviſe
His ſpeedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never ſee his pardon: for my ſtate
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. (*Exit.*)

*) *greet the time*, die Zeit gehörig benutzen.

**) *carry out my ſide*, meinen Endzweck erreichen.

SCENE, another open Field.

Alarm within. Enter with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Soldiers over the ſtage, and exeunt.

Enter EDGAR and GLO'STER.

Edg. HEre, father, take the ſhadow of this tree
For your good hoſt; pray, that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace be with you, Sir! (*Exit Edgar.*)

(*Alarm, and retreat, within.*)

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath loſt, he and his daughter ta'en,
Give me thy hand. Come on.

Glo. No further, Sir; a man may rot ev'n here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? men muſt endure

Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither:
Ripeneſs is all; come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter in Conquest, *) with Drum and Colours, Edmund; Lear and Cordelia, as priſoners; Soldiers, Captain,

Edm. Some officers take them away; good guard
Until their greater pleaſures firſt be known,
That are to cenſure them.

Cor. We're not the first,
Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst:
For thee, oppreſſed King, am I cast down;
Myſelf could elſe out — frown falſe fortune's frown.
Shall we not ſee theſe daughters and theſe ſiſters?

Lear. No, no, no, no; come, let's away to priſon;
We two alone will ſing, like birds i' th' cage:
When thou dost ask me bleſſing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveneſs: ſo we'll live,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies; and hear poor rogues

*) *Enter in Conquest*, ziehen in Triumph ein.

Talk of court — news, and we'll talk with them too,
Who loſes and who wins; who's in, who's out,
And take upon's the myſtery of things,
As if we were God's ſpies. And we'll wear out *)
In a wall'd priſon, packs and ſects of great ones
That ebb and flow by th moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon ſuch ſacrifices, my Cordelia,
The Gods themſelves throw incenſe. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us, ſhall bring a brand from heav'n,
And fire us hence, like foxes; whipe thine eye,
The good — jers **) ſhall devour them, fleſh and fell,
Ere they ſhall make us weep; we'll ſee them ſtarv'd first.
Come.

(*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia guarded.*)

Edm. Come hither, Captain, hark.
Take thou this note; go, follow them to priſon.
One ſtep I have advanc'd thee; if thou doſt
As this inſtructs thee, thou doſt make thy way
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are

*) *wear out* heißt hier überleben.

**) *The good — jers*, der Grind.

Are as the time is; to be tender — minded
Does not become a ſword; my great employment
Will not bear queſtion; either ſay, thou'lt do't;
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my Lord.

Edm. About it, and write happy, when thou'ſt done.
Mark, I ſay, inſtantly; and carry it ſo,
As I have ſet it down.

(*Exit Captain.*) A Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have ſhew'd to — day your valiant ſtrain,
And fortune led you well: you have the captives,
Who were the oppoſites of this day's ſtrife:
We do require them of you, ſo to uſe them,
As we ſhall find their merits and our ſafety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To ſend the old and miſerable King
To ſome retention, and appointed guard;
Whoſe age has charms in it, whoſe title more,
To pluck the common boſoms on his ſide;
And turn our impreſt lances in our eyes,
Which do command them. With him I ſent the Queen;

My

My reaſon all the ſame; and they are ready
To — morrow, or a further ſpace, t'appear
Where you ſhall hold your ſeſſion. At this time,
We ſweat and bleed; the friend hath loſt his friend;
And the beſt quarrels, in the heat, are curſt
By thoſe that feel their ſharpneſs. —
The Queſtion *) of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place:

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a ſubject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him,
Methinks, our pleaſure might have been demanded,
Ere you had ſpoke ſo far. He led our pow'rs;
Bore the commiſſion of my place and perſon;
The which immediacy may well ſtand up,
And call itſelf your brother.

Gon. Not ſo hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himſelf,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my right,
By me inveſted, he compeers the beſt. **)

Alb.

*) *Queſtion* heißt hier Verhör.

**) *he compeers the beſt*, kann er ſich mit den Vornehmſten meſſen.

Alb. That were the moſt, if he ſhould huſ-
band you.

Reg. Jeſters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, Holla!
That eye, that told you ſo, look'd but a — ſquint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well, elſe I ſhould anſ-
wer
From a full — flowing ſtomach. General,
Take thou my ſoldiers, priſoners, patrimony,
Diſpoſe of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witneſs the world, that I create thee here
My Lord and Maſter.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The lett alone lies not in your good
will. *)

Edm. Nor in thine, Lord.

Alb. Half — blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum ſtrike, and prove my tit-
le thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reaſon: Edmund, I ar-
reſt thee
On capital treaſon; and, in thy arreſt,
This gilded ſerpent: for your claim, fair ſiſter,

*) *The lett alone lies not in your good will*, dieſes hängt nicht allein von deinem Willen ab.

I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis ſhe is ſub — contracted to this Lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your banes.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My lady is beſpoke.

Gon. An enterlude! —

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Glo'ſter; let the trumpet ſound:
If none appear to prove upon thy perſon
Thy heinous, manifeſt, and many treaſons,
There is my pledge: I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taſte bread, thou art in nothing leſs
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O ſick —

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er truſt poiſon. (*Aſide.*)

Edm. There's my exchange; what in the world he is,
That names me traitor, villain — like he lies;
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Enter a Herald.

Truſt to thy ſingle virtue; for thy ſoldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their diſcharge.

Reg.

Reg. This ſickneſs grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well, convey her to my tent.
(*Exit Regan led.*)
Come hither, herald, let the trumpet ſound,
And read out this. (*A trumpet ſounds.*)

Herald reads.

If any man of Quality, or degree, within the lists, of the army, will maintain upon Edmund ſuppoſed Earl of Glo'ſter, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third ſound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence. 1. trumpet.

Her. Again. 2. trumpet.

Her. Again. 3. trumpet.

(*Trumpet anſwers, within.*)

Enter Edgar, armed.

Alb. Ask him his purpoſes, why he appears
Upon this call o'th' trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you anſwer
This preſent ſummons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treaſon's tooth bare — gnawn, and canker — bit;
Yet am I noble, as the adverſary
I come to cope.

Alb.

Alb. Which is that adverſary?

Edg. What's he, that ſpeaks for Edmund Earl of Glo'ſter?

Edm. Himſelf; what ſay'ſt thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy ſword,
That if my ſpeech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee juſtice; here is mine: —
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profeſſion. I proteſt,
Maugre thy ſtrength, place, youth, and eminence,
Spite of thy victor — ſword, and fire — new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor;
Falſe to thy Gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conſpirant 'gainſt this high illuſtrious Prince,
And from th' extreameſt upward of thy head;
To the deſcent and dust below thy foot,
A moſt toad — ſpotted traitor. Say thou, no;
This ſword, this arm, and my beſt ſpirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I ſpeak,
Thou lieſt.

Edm. In wiſdom I ſhould ask thy name;
But ſince thy out — ſide looks fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue ſome 'ſay of breeding breathes;

What

What ſafe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of Knight — hood, I diſdain and ſpurn:
Back do I toſs theſe treaſons to thy head,
With the hell — hated lye o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which (for they yet glance by, and ſcarcely bruiſe)
This ſword of mine ſhall give them inſtant way
Where thou ſhalt reſt for ever. Trumpets, ſpeak.
(*Alarm. Fight.*)

Gon. O, ſave him, ſave him; this is practice, Glo'ſter:
By th' law of war, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown oppoſite: thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, Dame,
Or with this paper ſhall I ſtop it;
Thou worſe than any thing, read thine own evil:
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine;
Who can arraign me for't?

Alb. Monster, know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not, what I know (*Exit Goneril.*)

Alb. Go after her, she's desperate, govern her.

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that I have done,
And more, much more; the time will bring it out.
'Tis past, and so am I: but what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity:
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou'st wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us:
The dark and vicious place, where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou'st spoken right, 'tis true,
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy Prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nurſing them, my Lord. List a brief tale
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst! —
The bloody proclamation to eſcape
That follow'd me ſo near, (O our lives 'ſweetneſs!
That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once) taugkt me to ſhift
Into a mad — man's rags; t' aſſume a ſemblance,
The very dogs diſdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious gems new lost; became his guide
Led him, begg'd for him, ſav'd him from deſpair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myſelf unto him,
Until ſome half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not ſure, though hoping, of this good ſucceſs,
I ask'd his bleſsing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to ſupport
'Twixt two extreams of paſſion, joy and grief,
Burst ſmilingly.

Edm. This ſpeech of yours hath mov'd me,
And ſhall, perchance, do good; but ſpeak you on,
You look, as you had ſomething more to ſay.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in.

For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. — This would have seem'd a period,
To such as love not sorrow: but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity! —
Whilst I was big in clamour, *) came there a man,
Who having seen me in my worser state,
Shun'd my abhorr'd society; but now finding
Who 'twas, had so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck; and bellow'd out,
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack. — Twice then the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd. —

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, Sir, the banish'd Kent, who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy King, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

*) *I was big in clamour*, ich laut wehklagte.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Help, Help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it ſmoaks; it came even from the heart
Of — O! ſhe's dead. —

Alb. Who's dead? ſpeak, man.

Gent. Your lady, Sir, your lady; and her ſiſter
By her is poiſon'd: she confeſſes it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an inſtant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.

(*Gonerill and Regan's Bodies brought out.*)

This judgment of the heav'ns, that makes us tremble
Touches us not with pity. — O! is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urge.

Kent. I am come
To bid my King and master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, Edmund, where's the King? and where's Cordelia?
See'st thou this object, Kent?

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poiſon'd for my ſake,
And after ſlew herſelf.

Alb. Even ſo; cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life; ſome good I mean to do,
Deſpight of mine own nature. Quickly ſend,
(Be brief) into the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:
Nay, ſent in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run —

Edg. To whom, my Lord? who has the office? Send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on, take my ſword,
Give it the captain. —

Edg. Haste thee for thy life. (*Exit Meſſenger.*)

Edm.

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair.

Alb. The Gods defend her! bear him hence a while.
(*Edmund is borne off.*)

Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl, — O, you are men of stone;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so,
That heaven's vault should crack: she's gone for ever!
I know, when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth! lend me a looking — glass,
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Lear. This feather stirs, *) she lives; if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows,
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! (*Kneeling.*)

*) *This feather stirs*, er hat ihn nämlich eine Feder vor den Mund oder vor die Nase gehalten.

Lear. Pr'ythee, away. —

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plaque upon you, murd'rous traitors all!
I might have ſav'd her; now ſhe's gone for ever!
Cordelia, Cordelia, ſtay a little. Ha! —
What is't thou ſay'st? her voice was ever ſoft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the ſlave, that was a hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true, my Lords he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I've ſeen the day, with my good biting fauchion
I would have made them ſkip: I am old now,
And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o'th' best. — I'll tell you ſtrait.

Kent. If fortune bray of two ſhe lov'd and hated
One of them we behold.

Lear. Are you not Kent?

Kent. The ſame; your ſervant Kent;
Where is your ſervant Caius?

Lear. 'Twas a good fellow, I can tell you that
He'd

He'd ſtrike, and quickly too: — he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good Lord, I am the very man, —

Lear. I'll ſee that ſtrait.

Kent. That, from your firſt of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your ſad ſteps. —

Lear. You're welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man elſe; — all's cheerleſs, dark, and dead:
Your eldeſt daughters have fore — done themſelves,
And deſp'rately are dead.

Lear. Ay, ſo I think.

Alb. He knows not what he ſays; and vain is it,
That we preſent us to him.

Edg. Very boot-leſs.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Edmund is dead, my Lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle.
You Lords and noble friends, know our intent;
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be apply'd. For us, we will reſign,

Du-

During the life of this old Majesty
To him our abſolute power: to you, your rights
(To Edgar.)
With boot, and ſuch addition as your honours
Have more than merited. All friends ſhall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deſervings: O ſee, ſee —

Lear. And my poor Fool is hang'd: no, no, no life.
Why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never —
Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, Sir;
Do you ſee this? look on her, look on her lips
Look there, look there —
(He dies.)

Edg. He faints; my lord. —

Kent. Break heart, I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghoſt: O, let him paſs!
He hates him
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd ſo long:

He

He but uſurpt his life.

Alb. Bar them from hence, our preſent buſineſs
Is general woe: friends of my ſoul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd ſtate ſuſtain.

Kent. I have a journey, Sir, ſhortly to go;
My maſter calls me; I muſt not ſay, no.

(*Dies.*)

Alb. The weight of this ſad time we muſt obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to ſay.
The oldeſt hath borne moſt; we that are young,
Shall never ſee ſo much, nor live ſo long.

(*Exeunt with a dead March.*)

Errata.

p. 22. ʒ. 1. pest, l. best.
— 27. ʒ. 7. against, trenne a against.
— 28. ʒ. 12. cuols l. cools.
— 30. ʒ. 17. difpleafure l. difpleafure.
— 37. ʒ. 2. thou l. than.
— 48. ʒ. 9. mankood l. manhood.
— 49. ʒ. 17. thee l. the.
— 50. ʒ. 19. waent l. want.
— 54. ʒ. 6. gou l. you.
— 57. ʒ. 2. wns l. was. ʒ. 20. cnnceals, l. conceals.
— 58. ʒ. 12. fpeurs l. fpurs.
— 59. ʒ. 12. Gadfon, l. Godfon.
— 60. ʒ. 1. experce and was l. expence and waste.
— 72. ʒ. 1. bofest l. bafest.
— 75. ʒ. 4. gare l. gave.
— 76. ʒ. 11. the l. thee. ʒ. 12. te ach l. teach. ʒ. 16. yo l. go. ʒ. 18. gread l. great.
— 79. ʒ. 4. fe l. fhe.
— 97. ʒ. 14. ane l. are.
— 100. ʒ. 1. tis l. this.
— 103. ʒ. 22. hear l. heart.
— 108. ʒ. 15. keeg l. peep.
— 112. ʒ. 5. roice l. voice.
— 116. ʒ. 14. wrony l. wrong.
— 122. ʒ. 14. fhe l. Me.
— 124. ʒ. 9. taughter l. laughter.

p. 138. ℨ. 9. mat l. met.
— 140. ℨ. 3. Prother's, l. brother's.
— 144. ℨ. 8. werge l. verge. ℨ. 11. anather l. another.
— 147. ℨ. 12. piercing. l. pieroing.
— 150. ℨ. 6. mak l. man.
— 151. ℨ. 4. eges l. eyes. ℨ. 7. Rull l. Pull.
— 159. ℨ. 1. unuked l. untuned. ℨ. 13. deor l. dear.
— 160. ℨ. 1. baltu, l. bolted. ℨ. 6. bitme l. bit me. ℨ. 17. wrony l. wrong.

BRITISH
17SE 81
MUSEUM